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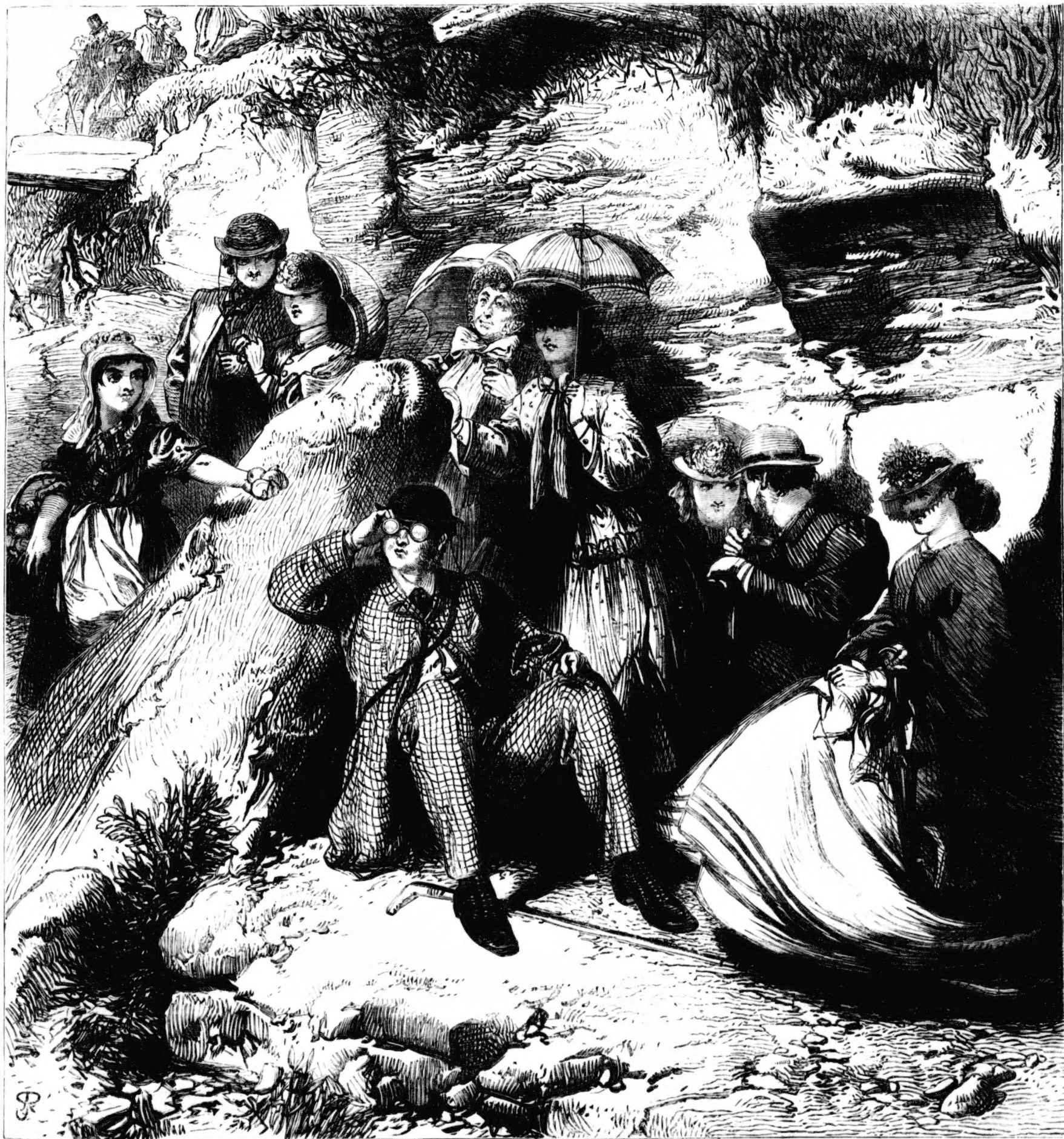
TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE last advices from New York give a sad account of the position of Mr. Jefferson Davis, who already seems to be regarded as a capital offender. The treatment to which he is subjected in his cell is precisely that usually meted out to

the worst class of criminals, though, the charge of complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln having been withdrawn, he can now only be proceeded against for what the Federals call "treason."

A letter from the New York correspondent of the *Times*

would lead us to believe that the war between North and South may yet be kept up on the west of the Mississippi. The resources of the region now held by the army of Kirby Smith seem, indeed, to be very great. The soil is fertile; the native population is hardy, determined, and impatient of control;



THE LOVERS' SEAT, FAIRLIGHT GLEN, HASTINGS.—(DRAWN BY J. ABBOTT PASQUIER.)

horses are cheap, plentiful, and good; and the 85,000 men to whom rations are served out (and who represent a force of 125,000, which could be increased considerably at a very short notice) might all be mounted if cavalry operations on a very great scale should be thought necessary. The nature of the country does not favour an invasion; for the rivers are not numerous and are incapable of bearing gun-boats, except of the very lightest construction. Moreover, as Texas adjoins Mexico, it has one frontier of immense extent, across which arms and ammunition could be conveyed with ease. The Texans could even make Mexico, in some measure, their base of operations, as the Poles made Galicia theirs during the recent insurrection against Russia. There would be this important difference, however, in favour of the Texans—that, instead of having to deal in Mexico with a Government hostile in intention, they might count with certainty on as much assistance as the Mexican Government could possibly give them without openly offending against the laws of neutrality. It has been resolved, moreover, to enlist the negroes, which President Davis shrank from doing up to the very last moment, though by taking this step he might, perhaps, have saved the Confederacy. In spite of all this, we do not see, unless the Texans are prepared to spend their whole time and all their resources for some years to come in fighting, how they are to defend themselves successfully against the overwhelming forces of the United States. The best chance for them lies, no doubt, in the support they may receive from Mexico; and it is very possible that the continued resistance of Kirby Smith may help to involve the Mexican and North American Governments in the war which, sooner or later, will be inevitable. In the meanwhile, it is impossible to feel any sympathy for these Texan warriors, though it is interesting to speculate as to what will become of them. And whatever doubts may exist as to the original cause of the great Southern secession, it is only too evident what the Confederates who have retired to Texas with their slaves are now fighting for. They have left their native soil, but nothing can separate them from their slaves.

The contest that is now going on for the representation of Westminster is in some respects more remarkable than any yet recorded in the annals of electioneering. To begin with, the candidate on whom the eyes of all the intellectual men in Europe must now be fixed refuses to canvass, and, beyond announcing that he is willing to represent the borough if the voters choose to elect him, will take no step whatever towards that result. If anyone wishes to know his opinions, they are to be found in his published works; and the one opinion which he entertains above all others in connection with electioneering matters is that there ought to be no canvassing. The electors have to weigh the merits of Mr. Mill, who writes books; of Mr. Smith, who sells them; and of Captain Grosvenor, who is at least not prevented by want of leisure from reading them. Hitherto the favourite candidate of the three would seem to be Captain Grosvenor; and, as Captain Grosvenor is in many respects the very antithesis of Mr. Mill, we should think the claims of the latter must be slight indeed. He may be one of the first thinkers of the age, but the House of Commons is not an assembly of great thinkers, nor do the Westminster electors set up for being great judges of thought. The great advantage of having Mr. Mill in Parliament would be that on every important subject he would have something to say that Parliament could not but be better for hearing. He would be of no direct use to Westminster except in so far that by electing him the electors of Westminster would be doing honour to themselves, for surely it would be an honour to be represented in Parliament by one of the most influential writers on philosophical and political subjects in all Europe.

When we say that Mr. Mill does not solicit votes or lay any statement of opinions before the voters, we ought not to forget that he has brought out a cheap edition of his works, as if for the edification of his possible constituents. "But," asks a contemporary, in referring to this fact, "are all the £10 householders in Westminster, or any considerable portion of them, to go through a course of logic, political economy, politics, and metaphysics, beginning with the question whether logic is the art or the science of reasoning, and ending with a crushing exposure of the errors of Sir W. Hamilton on the doctrines of concepts and contradictory inconceivables?" It would, indeed, be much better, considering that "Mill" is not to be got up by the unpractised student in a few days, weeks, or months, that those Westminster electors to whom his works are now unknown should be contented to accept him in consideration of the high esteem in which he is held by the intellectual classes generally.

Nothing, on the other hand, can be more unfair than to dip into his works here and there, as some of his opponents are doing, in order to prove from his statement of an abstract proposition on the subject of property that he is a socialist and revolutionist,—from a passage in which he ventures to consider the attributes of the Deity that he is an Atheist,—from the enunciation of an opinion as to the political rights of women that he intends, in the event of his being elected, to bring in a bill for granting women the franchise.

To speak now of what politicians will no doubt regard as a minor matter, with the advent of the dog days we hear renewed complaints on the subject of the dog nuisance, from which London suffers more than any capital in Europe. Accounts have been lately published in the newspapers of several most distressing deaths from hydrophobia. There were two cases last week, on the same day, in which persons bitten by dogs appeared before a magistrate to ask, somewhat uselessly, for redress. It seems that the owner of a ferocious

dog may be fined for allowing it to go at large, but not until its ferocity has been clearly proved. This is worse than absurd. To lock the stable-door after the horse has been stolen is foolish, but not to be called upon to muzzle the dog until some unhappy human being has been bitten by it is scandalous. These dog cases are nearly all of the same kind. A man, woman, or child has been bitten. A complaint is made to the nearest magistrate, who is assured that the animal complained of had long been the terror of the neighbours. The owner, however, declares that the dog is perfectly quiet, and never bites unless under gross provocation. Ultimately a fine is imposed; but this does not cure the bite, nor does it have any effect on the performances of other ferocious dogs. In France owners of dogs are cautioned against letting them go at large during the summer without muzzles; and, in case of this caution not being attended to, it is upon the dogs that the vengeance of the police falls—the animals are arrested and, unless ransomed before a certain time, killed. This is undoubtedly the proper system, and we should like, in common with the public generally, to see it introduced and strictly carried out in England.

THE LOVERS' SEAT.

Now that the sun is glaring down upon the hot pavements, and nearly all the main thoroughfares of London are choked with the dust from building operations and the construction of metropolitan railways; now that the Strand is blocked up with rubbish-carts, that the overland route from Whitechapel to Baywater is dangerous, and all the street fountains are choked with dirt; in short, now that Parliament is at its last gasp, and stifled Londoners stand gazing wistfully at railway and steam-boat time-bills, there is one spot to which memory turns with refreshing anticipations of the end of the season; the memory, that is to say, of that section of the metropolitan public which prepares for "the seaside," not the habitués of Baden, Homburg, and the other Continental resorts which allure the world of fashion from more favoured spots in their own country, but that great middle class of which "Paterfamilias" is the recognised representative, those who make the fortunes of Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Brighton, Dover, and all the watering-places on the British coast. Of all these happy retreats, however, from Ramsgate, with its jewelled Jews, to Brighton and its brill, Hastings must bear the palm. It is so serene, so full of tender, quiet beauty, where woodland weeds the sea, and the cliffs are fresh and green instead of staring white. It is true that there is none of the feverish restlessness of Ramsgate, none of the vulgar jollification of Margate, none even of the change and bustle and merrymaking of Brighton; that there is a valetudinarian look about many of the visitors one meets upon the parade; that there is a sad preponderance of wheel-chairs and slowly-pacing invalids, who go to draw renewed life from the soft air blowing off the sea; and this gives a melancholy interest to the place which is often depressing. But yet what gentle recollections are associated with the beauties in which that wonderful old town is embowered! The old church at Battle; the glorious wealth of fern, and tree, and flower at the silent valley of Ecclesbourne; the wonderful caves on the east cliff; the still, strange beauty at Old Roar, where the sward is enamelled with flowers, whose light shimmers upwards in a haze of purple and gold—

Flower of the wild, whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side;

that other beautiful Glen of Fairlight, in which one might sit all day and dream of the Faery Queen, or wait till moonlight and watch for the coming of Titania and all the host of elves, who, if they have not altogether fled hence since the advent of commercial treaties and the electric telegraph, must surely reside hereabout. Let us hope that profane excursionists will never succeed in vulgarising this, the loveliest spot in all that country side. If refreshment must be taken in the blissful seclusion of Fairlight Glen, we pray that it may be consumed romantically, and that, after an ethereal lunch, no empty bottles, greasy newspapers, and discarded chicken-bones be left to disfigure the emerald sward or crush the flower-spangles out of shape.

If Fairlight Glen is an elysium in which to dream in blissful forgetfulness of towns and taxes, of cares and of care, surely the crown and completion of its beauty is that glorious rocky nook which lies beyond it on the very verge of the cliff overlooking the boundless blue of the changeful sea. Well may it be called the "Lovers' Seat!" It would have had that name even without the story which is said to have been the cause of its becoming so known; nay, it must have been called the Lovers' Seat from the time when the first happy pair discovered it and sat there gazing on sea and sky, with the whisper of external nature whispering to them gently till all the great world around was a dream and they became oblivious to all but each other. It is doubtful whether more than two persons should ever be permitted to occupy this spot at one time. Assuredly, parents and guardians should be warned off by threat of dreadful penalties; and no one should be permitted to speak above a whisper. You know the story of the young maiden whose cruel parent sent her to Fairlight Place—then a lonely farmhouse—in order to keep her out of the way of a handsome young officer, commander of a revenue cutter, cruising between Dungeness and Beechy Head; how triumphant love, surmounting all difficulties, led the fair one to this rocky seat where she could see her lover's vessel as it passed Fairlight; how the bold sailor, rowing himself ashore at Covehurst, would scale the rocks to reach that shrine where his adored one waited his coming; how, in short, they met and (one story says he fell from the cliffs and was killed, the lady afterwards dying of grief; but this is not true) continued to meet, until an elopement was arranged, and he carried her off down the rocks to his vessel; when they were married and lived happily afterwards? You know this story, of course; but, doubtless, a score of love stories might be told of this same spot. "The Lovers' Seat;" why, when one comes to think of it, the very fact of a shy and provoking maiden consenting to visit such a place and sit there beside a bashful lover must be taken as an acceptance of his suit. Let him then, as he looks out upon the glorious sea, take heart, even though his love should be like that same ocean—

Now brilliant with sunbeams and dimpled with smiles,
Now dark with the fresh blowing gale.

JEREMY BENTHAM.—Sir John Bowring has presented to the National Portrait Gallery a full-length portrait of Jeremy Bentham, painted when, at the age of thirteen, he was admitted a member of Queen's College, Oxford, where he took his bachelor's degree when only sixteen years old. He had, on the advent of George III. to the throne, written some Latin verses, which, as the production of a boy of eleven years, Dr. Samuel Johnson thought worthy of his criticism and his admiration. The picture, which, to use the philosopher's own expression, had been "ignominiously expelled" from his father's house in Queen's-square-place, was, a few years before his death, discovered in a pawnbroker's shop, recognised by him, and purchased by his executor, who has now given it to the National Gallery.

A HAPPY DISPATCH.—Recently the Emperor of Japan had reason to be highly dissatisfied with one of his officers, and sent him the renowned sabre. It is a sort of honorary sword, very beautifully carved and finished. As this officer held high rank, and had hitherto given his Prince every reason to be satisfied, the latter sent him, in order to alleviate the effect of the message as far as possible, one of his own swords, set with diamonds, and selected his Prime Minister as the bearer. The officer received the present and was well aware what it signified. After reverently regarding the instrument of his punishment, he quietly left his house, went to the port, got aboard a French ship, bound for Havre, and safely reached Paris, where he sold the sabre for 150,000*fr.*

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

"When is the Emperor coming back?" has for some days been the chief question in Paris. It was expected that his Majesty would be at the Tuileries to-day (Saturday), but nothing definite was known. The Emperor, when at Constantine, invited five Arab chiefs to dine with him, and took, it is announced, the opportunity to tell them that he desired to see Arabs in general become fitted by labour and education to enter into any positions now filled in Algeria by French subjects. He also stated that he desired every individual in the army to be free to rise if his services, intelligence, and opportunities allowed him, to fill the highest grades. The Emperor is represented as in perfect health, and all the better for the great fatigue he daily has to undergo.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys has issued instructions similar to those contained in Earl Russell's letter relative to the withdrawal of the protection hitherto allowed to Confederate vessels of war.

A Government communication to the newspapers contradicts a report that General Bourbaki had departed for Mexico with a corps of 10,000 men.

In the Corps Législatif on the 2nd inst. M. Thiers criticised the financial system of the Government, under which the budgets exceeded 2000 millions of francs. He did not wish to put a stop to public works, but desired that they should be diminished, and that those only should be carried out which were indispensable. Mexico, he said, should be evacuated, or otherwise France would advance, if not towards bankruptcy, at least towards ruinous taxation, such as the income tax which was proposed in the previous sitting. M. Rouher replied to the speech of M. Thiers on the Budget, which brought the general debate on that document to a close, the demands of the Government being all complied with.

ITALY.

A public fête in commemoration of the grant of the Constitution took place at Florence on Sunday. The King reviewed the National Guard. An immense crowd was present, and his Majesty was received with enthusiasm.

Signor Vegazzi has returned to Rome.

The *Nazione* of Florence, publishes some details of the negotiations with the Papal Court. The Pope, it is stated, will appoint Bishops to the vacant sees, but they will be presented by King Victor Emmanuel, and will make a declaration acknowledging him as their Sovereign and recognising the kingdom of Italy. The Pope has consented to the suppression of some bishoprics, and the Italian Government will have the right to prevent the return of those prelates whose presence it may consider prejudicial to public safety. The *Nazione* believes these engagements will be verbal, and that no convention will be signed either by Rome or Italy with the other Catholic Powers.

THE UNITED STATES.

GENERAL NEWS.

We have intelligence from New York to the 27th ult.

Secretary Seward had resumed supervision of the affairs of the State department. Mr. Frederick Seward had had a relapse. A severe and unexpected hemorrhage had occurred, and his condition excited uneasiness.

President Johnson had issued a proclamation declaring that all ports in the United States, except Galveston, La Salle, Brazo de Santiago, Point Isabel, and Brownsville, in Texas, shall be open to foreign commerce from the 1st of July next, the intercourse with such ports to be subject only to the laws of the United States. He also proclaims that the Federal Government henceforth denies to all persons attempting to traffic with any portion of the United States in violation of the laws thereof any concessions of belligerent rights or privileges, and notifies that all such offenders will be seized and treated as pirates.

The grand review of the Federal armies commenced at Washington at nine o'clock on the morning of the 23rd. Upwards of 100,000 troops were under arms. Dense masses of spectators lined the course of march, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Grant's army was the portion of the troops reviewed that day. On the following day Sherman's men went through a similar ceremony.

Vice-President Stevens and Mr. Clement C. Clay, who voluntarily surrendered themselves to the Federals in Georgia, and who were brought to Hampton Roads at the same time with President Davis, had been sent to Fort Delaware. Postmaster-General Regan, General Wheeler, and others of President Davis's party had been sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbour. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, James A. Seddon, and Judge Campbell had been arrested. It was rumoured, both in Washington and Richmond, that General Lee had been indicted for treason and would be speedily placed under arrest.

The *New York Tribune* says that the Attorney-General had decided that the amnesty proclamation was a means to secure the suppression of the rebellion. The rebellion ended, the amnesty is void. It does not restore citizenship or property. The confiscation decrees are in full force, and the exercise of executive clemency cannot extend to the future.

Memphis despatches of the 19th ult. report the discovery and prevention, on the preceding night, of an intended massacre, by the negro troops in Fort Pillow, of all the paroled Confederate prisoners in Memphis, in retaliation of the massacre of the negro soldiers by Forrest's men when they captured the fort a year ago. Upon the discovery of the plot, white troops were detailed to watch the negroes, and when they sallied forth at the appointed hour they were ordered back to their quarters. A fight ensued, during which twenty of the negroes were either killed or wounded; the remainder were driven into fort, and had since been kept under strong guard.

General Sheridan had proceeded to assume the command of the Federal troops west of the Mississippi. It was stated that he had been ordered to demand the immediate surrender of General Kirby Smith and his forces, and, if the demand were not complied with, to lay waste all territory wherein he meets with opposition. An enthusiastic mass meeting was held by the Confederates at Shreveport, Louisiana, on the 29th of April, at which speeches were made by Governor Allen, of that State, General Hobbs, and others, declaring that the cause of the South was by no means hopeless, and exhorting the people in the Trans-Mississippi department to resolutely continue the struggle for independence. Kirby Smith was said to have received reinforcements from the east side of the Mississippi. Hood and his Staff had escaped across that river. Advances from New Orleans state that Kirby Smith was disposed to surrender to Colonel Sprague, but Generals Parsons and Shelby demanded an amnesty for themselves, declaring that, if not amnestied, they would join Maximilian. Colonel Sprague had returned to Washington to confer with the Government. It was reported that commissioners from Kirby Smith, accompanied by General Heron and Commander Foster, arrived at Baton Rouge on the 23rd ult. General Heron left for Canby's headquarters. It was asserted that terms had been arranged for the surrender of Smith's whole army. A fight occurred in Texas, on the 12th ult., between the Federals, under Barrett, and the Confederates, under Slaughter. Barrett retreated to Bazos, with a loss of seventy men.

The Confederate garrisons at Tallahassee and St. Mark's, Florida, surrendered to the Federals on the 9th ult.

The Confederate privateer Stonewall was surrendered unconditionally to the Spanish authorities in Havannah a few days prior to May 20.

The barque Boute, which was about to sail from San Francisco, on the 22nd ult., with 400 armed adventurers for Mexico, was detained by the authorities until permission for their departure should be received from Washington.

MR. JERRERSON DAVIS.

The grand jury of the district of Columbia had found true bills of indictment against Jefferson Davis and Breckinridge for treason. They are indicted separately, the overt act being the raid in July last within the district of Columbia, Breckinridge having been

present in person and Davis constructively. The district attorney had asked for a warrant to arrest Breckinridge, and to summon Davis before the court-martial for trial. The specification in the indictment of both Mr. Davis and General Breckinridge is that they, owing allegiance and fidelity to the United States, did, with a view to subvert the Government thereof, in July last, invade the district of Columbia, make war on its defences and kill and wound a number of the soldiers of the United States.

Mr. Davis, it appears, is not treated in prison as if he were a mere rebel, but is submitted to worse indignities than are reserved for the most brutal murderers. A statement in two Philadelphia newspapers not only confirms previous reports that he was separated from his family, confined in a dark dungeon in Fortress Monroe, closely guarded day and night by two sentinels, who are forbidden to exchange a word with him, or to allow him to speak if so inclined, and denied the use of light or the solace of books and writing materials; but adds that he has been manacled, and his legs secured by a chain 3 ft. long; that he resisted the outrage, and was violently thrown on his back while a blacksmith performed the work, and that he piteously requested to be put to death rather than be so degraded. Nothing whatever has been elicited to connect Mr. Davis with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that charge is apparently dropped against him. In reference to the indictment of Mr. Davis, General Lee, &c., the New York correspondent of the *Telegraph* says:—

It is reported that General Robert E. Lee, and, in fact, all the officers of the late "rebellion," are to be arraigned for treason, in spite of General Grant's parole terms, or those of Sherman. This is unquestionably a dishonest act, as, according to the terms granted to the officers in question, they were guaranteed from reprisals, so long as they conformed to the laws of the United States. I am assured, however—and believe the information to be well-founded—that the Government intends to pursue in this matter the following course. The prominent personages in the rebellion will be tried for treason, without regard to paroles, but will be unconditionally pardoned if found guilty—Davis as well as the others. Immediately after this, however, all those concerned in the conspiracy plot will be tried for murder, and, if found guilty, will be executed.

STATE OF THE SOUTH.

The New York correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 26th ult., gives the following description of affairs in the Southern States:—

East of the Mississippi to the Ohio and the Potomac the war is at an end. The people are subjugated, and yield sullen or patient obedience to a power they are unable to resist. No armed force except that of the Federal armies of occupation remains. The guerrilla chiefs and their little bands of "farmers by day and soldiers by night," whose prolonged hostility was threatened by the South and feared by the North, have imitated the wise example set by Generals Lee, Johnston, and Taylor, laid down their arms, and recommenced the cultivation of their long-neglected fields. Many landed proprietors, hopeless of the future and of the results of an enforced political and social partnership with a people against whom they exhaust the vocabulary of their hatred when they employ with bitter emphasis the one word "Yankees," have emigrated across the "Father of Waters" to struggle in Texas as long as they can for the independence of which they see no chances in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, or the Carolinas; while others, still more despondent, have betaken themselves to Mexico to escape the pains and penalties of their implication in a treason which President Johnson threatens to punish. A vast horde of Northern traders and speculators have rushed southwards to Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and other cities of the long-blockaded interior, to push a traffic in dry goods among a people who have had no new clothes for four years, and have worn out nearly all their old ones, thinking to draw out the hoarded gold and silver which is known to exist; or to receive payment in cotton for the luxuries and necessities which the Southern people so desperately need. As yet but small success has attended their operations. The country is more exhausted than they imagined. Large districts have reverted into aboriginal wildernesses. Once populous and flourishing towns are deserted, farmhouses and comfortable country residences have disappeared, leaving no trace behind them except the chimney-stack, threatening to fall at every blast of wind, and the charred rafters that proclaim the nature of the ruin that overtook them. The people are sad at heart, and gentlemen who once counted their cotton by thousands of bales are glad if they can earn a daily pittance by light labour in the fields which were formerly their own, or by the odd jobs which a town or city with any life in it can always afford to all who are not too proud to labour with their hands. The negroes, who during the war were for the most part faithful to their masters, have suddenly become restive, insolent, and unmanageable. The negro admires power. He loved his master because his master was, in his eyes, the visible incarnation of wealth and authority; and, if there was anything he hated, it was a "mean white," a "poor white trash," or a "white buckra," not because they were white, but because they had no power and no wealth. And now that their former masters are reduced to destitution and misery, the negroes transfer to them the contempt they always felt for white labourers, take possession of patches of abandoned plantations, turn out the white women and children who have been left behind, and manifest a disposition which no one can study without serious misgivings of future trouble.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

The same writer goes on to say:—

It is under these circumstances that, the question of negro slavery having been disposed of, the question of negro suffrage in the South is forced upon attention. Though the war may be ended, the revolution seems only to be at its commencement. The leaders of the Republican and Union—or, as it may now be called with better reason, the Anti-Southern—party, not contented with the subjugation of the white people of the Gulf States, seem to be afraid that hereafter, when it becomes necessary to proceed, in the usual course, to the election of a new President, the votes of the Southern Democracy, combined with those of the Democracy of the North and West, may secure the election of a pro-Southern President, such as Messrs. Buchanan, Pierce, Polk, Tyler, Fillmore, and others within the last thirty years, and so relegate the now-triumphant Republicans to the cold shade of opposition. To prevent such a catastrophe, it is proposed to enfranchise the emancipated negroes and give every man of them a vote, without reference to property, to intellect, or to character. It is calculated that the whole negro vote of the South would thus be cast in favour of the party by whose successful exertions they had received the gift of freedom; and that the Democracy would be permanently, or at least for several presidential terms, excluded from office.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

The feud between General Sherman and the War Department was still unextinguished; indeed, was extending its area, and partisans on each side were engaging in the controversy. The following letter from Sherman had been published:—

Camp near Alexandria, Virginia, May 19.

Dear Bowman.—I am just arrived. All my army will be in to-day. I have been lost to the world in the woods for some time. Yet on arriving at the "settlements" found I have made quite a stir among the people at home, and that the most sinister motives had been ascribed to me. I have made frequent official reports of my official action in all public matters, and all of them have been carefully suppressed, while the most ridiculous nonsense has been industriously spread abroad through all the newspapers. Well! you know what importance I attach to such matters, and that I have been too long fighting with real rebels with muskets in their hands to be scared by mere non-combatants, no matter how high their civil rank or station. It is amusing to observe how brave and firm some men become when all danger is past. I have noticed on fields of battle brave men never insult the captured or mutilate the dead; but cowards and laggards always do. I cannot now recall the act, but Shakespeare records how poor Falstaff, the prince of cowards and wits, rising from a figured death, stabbed again the dead Percy and carried the carcass aloft in triumph to prove his valour. So now, when the rebellion is dead, many Falstaffs appear to brandish the evidence of their valour, and seek to win applause and to appropriate honours for deeds that never were done. As to myself, I ask no popularity, no reward; but I dare the War Department to publish my official letters and reports. I assert that my official reports have been purposely suppressed, while all the power of the press has been malignantly turned against me. I do want peace and security, and the return to law and justice from Maine to the Rio Grande; and if it does not exist now substantially, it is for State reasons beyond my comprehension. It may be thought strange that one who has no fame but as a soldier should have been so careful to try to restore the civil power of the Government and the peaceful jurisdiction of the Federal Courts; but it is difficult to discover in that fact any just cause of offence to an enlightened and free people. But, when men choose to slander and injure others, they can easily invent the facts for the purpose when the proposed victim is far away, engaged in public service of their own bidding. But there is consolation in knowing that, though truth lies in the bottom of a well, the Yankees have perseverance enough to get to that bottom. Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN.

MEXICO.

Heavy skirmishing took place before Matamoros on the 30th of April, resulting favourably to the Imperialists. General Negrete is believed to have withdrawn. Communication with Boca del Rio

and the interior was cut off in consequence of the capture of Monterey and Camargo by the Juaristas.

THE ITALIANS IN EGYPT.

A PRIVATE letter from Alexandria, of the 24th of May, says:—

There has been great excitement among the Italian section of the population of Alexandria during the last few days, and the new Italian Consul-General, the Chevalier de Martins, finds himself involved, at the very beginning of his diplomatic career in Egypt, in a serious dispute with the Government of the country. The origin of the difference is as follows:—Some eight or ten days ago a party of seamen and marines belonging to the Italian corvette *Etna* were allowed to go on shore on leave. A few of the party took donkeys and went to see Pompey's Pillar, about half a mile outside one of the gates of the town. Here, sailor-like, they got into a dispute with the Arab donkey-drivers, whose cause was taken up by some other Arabs who were on the spot, and the quarrel soon passed from a strife of words, in which neither party understood the other, to that of blows, a language intelligible to disputants of every tongue. After the interchange of fistfuls and a pelting with stones, both parties drew off, the seamen retiring to the town. The Arabs appear to have followed, and the fray at Pompey's Pillar led to more serious mischief.

The wrath of the Arabs at Pompey's Pillar was communicated to the town mob, and not only the original disputants but the other seamen and marines of the *Etna*, who, to the number of about a dozen, were quietly amusing themselves in three different groups, and parading different streets, were insulted and set upon by the native mob. No doubt the Italians defended themselves in the best way they could, and laid about the mob manfully. The cavasses, or armed Arab police, are said not only to have given no protection to the Italians against mob violence, but even to have sided with the mob, and cut down a marine who took refuge in one of the police stations. Two seamen received severe wounds from the cutlasses of the cavasses. Although the disturbance made a great commotion in the city, and great numbers of Italians, eye witnesses of the fray, repaired to the Italian Consulate to pray for reparation and the punishment of the delinquents, the local authorities ignored the gravity of the event, and, by way of treating the affair very lightly, sent a written complaint on the following morning to the Italian Consul-General that two Italian seamen had assaulted some Arabs. M. de Martins returned this letter as being impertinent, if not insulting, under the circumstances; and an active correspondence has since been going on between the Italian Consul-General and the Egyptian Government, who seem at last to have become aware that the matter is one of gravity. The demands of M. de Martins were that the Zabit, or head of the native police, should be dismissed, and that the cavasses, or policemen, who failed in their duty, should receive proper punishment, and also that an officer should go on board the *Etna* to convey the expression of regret of the Egyptian Government at the occurrence, and a similar expression be conveyed in like manner to the Italian Consul-General.

These demands, with one exception, have been conceded, the following, extracted from a local paper, being the terms of satisfaction offered by his Highness the Viceroy, and which have been accepted by M. de Martins:—

1. The Sub-Director of Police, Colonel Mustapha Bey, to be dismissed.
2. The Maun and the Buluk-basi to be likewise dismissed.
3. The chief of the district and the chief of the station to be punished and dismissed.
4. The cavasses to be severely punished.
5. The donkey-boys to be punished and exiled.
6. The Zabit to go to the Italian Consulate in person to make due apology.
7. A superior officer to go on board the *Etna* to make a similar apology.
8. His Excellency the Governor of Alexandria to go, also, officially to the Consulate to convey the expression of regret felt by his Highness the Viceroy at this unfortunate event.

And so the affair is at an end.

ANOTHER MHOW SCANDAL.

THE Bombay papers comment freely upon an incident in military life which recently took place at Mhow, and which is not unlikely to form the subject of future inquiry. The *Bombay Gazette*, of the 4th ult., says:—

The case we wish to bring before our readers is that now pending between Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley and Captain Horace Kendal Bushe. We cannot but watch the result of the inquiry with some anxiety, as it involves one or two curious points in military discipline. The facts are briefly these:—The 15th Native Infantry, to which regiment both officers belong, was on parade with some other regiments at the station. Annoyed at some mistake that had been made, Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley seems to have abused Captain Bushe in a manner which, however endearing Dr. Johnson and the sailors may have thought it, was not the kind of thing officers were allowed to stand in these days. We say allowed advisedly, as we hold that under the 103rd Article of War, Captain Bushe's character as an officer was publicly impugned, and that had he been as meek as a lamb he could not have passed over the expressions used by his commanding officer without endangering his commission. In the orderly-room, where, by all accounts, Bushe's conduct was not only tempered by moderation, but also by the milk of human kindness, the unfortunate officer made application for permission to exchange. His commanding officer, finding him unwilling to give up his reasons for wishing to leave the regiment, forthwith compelled him to do so by an order. The reasons were stated—viz., abusive language on the part of the Colonel; and also that complainant did not consider himself safe in a regiment where the Colonel could, with impunity, strike one of his sepoy with a drawn sword on parade. We would have given a trifle for a sight of Colonel Stanley's face when he heard these said reasons; it is at all times unpleasant to be told of one's mistakes, but especially so when you know that those mistakes were as glaring as they were offensive. For reasons best known to himself—let us try and believe they were good reasons—the commanding officer gave his junior the lie direct, and refused the application. It appears also that he placed Captain Bushe under some kind of restriction differing from actual arrest—a proceeding which, under the circumstances, was totally illegal from beginning to end. Since then the matter has been referred to the Major-General Commanding the Division. In the kindest and most magnanimous manner possible, that officer was graciously pleased to advise the aggrieved Bushe to apologise to his tyrannical chief and withdraw his application. We regret to say this leniency was without result, and the application remained. Colonel Carmichael, through whom the Major-General's decision had been conveyed, was stunned by such an obstinate refusal from a junior officer to avail himself of his senior's permission to commit himself. He consulted with the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th, and Captain Bushe was in consequence put under arrest. A court of inquiry elicited the same evidence as above quoted with the pertinacity and wrong-headedness peculiar to the class; the sepoy produced the coat which he wore on the fatal day his Colonel "ran a-muck": sitting exactly over a hole in his back was a hole in his coat, and the hospital records proved the date of Ramsamy's admission to be the same as that of the parade. Both charges were proved by officers, and yet the only sufferer is the man who felt aggrieved because he had been abused and his character publicly impugned. The sticker of sepoy and the purveyor of endearing epithets still reigns supreme in her Majesty's much-to-be-pitied 15th Regiment of Native Infantry."

PROGRESS OF A COLONY.

THE Registrar-General of the colony of Victoria has compiled for the Dublin Exhibition a series of statistical tables, showing the progress of his country. It is a colony that has peculiar interest for us; it has had a history now for thirty years, and still at this day about half the people in it are people who were born in the United Kingdom. Certainly, too, it is a colony with a history of which we may well be proud. In 1836, when it was known as Port Phillip, its population was 224, only 38 of them females: a village had then been formed on the site of the present city of Melbourne. In 1841 the population had grown to 20,416; in 1847 the population of 1841 was more than doubled; in 1851 the population of 1847 was more than doubled; in 1853 the population of 1851 was more than doubled; and now, though the numbers are so large that such quick doubling has become impossible, the 463,135 of 1857 have become 604,858. Of course the great advance was made soon after the news reached England of the discovery of gold in 1851. The population of Victoria was then 97,489, and in the single year 1852 94,664 immigrants arrived there. The exports from the colony amounted to the modest sum of £200,305 in 1841; in 1851 they had grown to £1,422,909; in 1857 they amounted to no less than £15,079,512, and the imports (for it was a population spending money freely) were as much as £17,256,209. But this was over-supplying the market; the imports of last year were of the value of £14,409,028, and the exports also had been reduced to £13,850,895. Even these are very large amounts, considering that the quantity of gold obtained has not kept up to its early promise. In 1853 gold of the value of £12,600,083 was exported; but that was the greatest export ever sent forth, and it has since been declining, and in 1864 had fallen to £6,206,237. In that year there was gold-mining machinery in the colony of the value of £1,496,699. But Victoria has other produce besides gold. The Registrar-General's tables show that, long before gold set all astir with excitement, the capabilities of Victoria as a pastoral country were raising it in importance. In 1850 the exports of wool had reached 18,091,207 lb.; and, notwithstanding the attraction of the gold-fields, the exports had advanced in 1863 to 25,672,886 lb. and in 1864 attained to 39,407,726 lb. Tallow, also, and hides are exported largely. The revenue of Victoria is now about £3,000,000; the public debt, chiefly incurred for the construction of railways, £8,444,000. In 1864 7,034,467 letters passed through the post-offices of the colony, and 256,380 messages were sent by electric telegraph. The people are great devourers of news, for 5,226,485 newspapers passed through their post-offices. A large proportion of the people are in the prime of life; when the last census was taken, in 1861, more than half the population were between twenty and forty-five years of age, about half the population were under twenty-five, a sixth part were

under five. 25,352 children were born in 1864, and only 9202 persons died. The number of persons married was very nearly as great as the number that died. Victoria is a paradise for women; the census found there 121,000 women above fifteen years of age, and 91,000 of them were or had been married, and to the 30,000 spinsters there were 113,000 bachelors above fifteen years old. The excessive disparity of the sexes is, however, disappearing. Up to 1846 the men were about twice as many as the women, but the proportion changed to two women to three men until the gold mining brought such a host of men as to re-establish the former ratio; but now the proportion has been much corrected, and the numbers are 256,904 females to 347,954 males. The aborigines were but 1694 in 1861; the Chinese, 24,732, of whom only eight were women. Of 416,000 persons above five years old, 324,000 were able both to read and write. The house accommodation was remarkable; 74,000 of the houses had not more than two rooms each, and 22,028 Chinese and 100,849 whites lived in tents and dwellings with canvas roofs. The churches and chapels were 1352 in number in 1863. Melbourne, in 1861, had a population of 36,868, without reckoning the suburbs, and there were six other towns with more than 10,000 people in each of them. The live stock have grown and multiplied, though not so fast as the human population; between 1854 and 1864 the sheep increased from 5,594,220 to 7,115,943, the cattle from 410,139 to 675,272, the horses from 15,166 to 103,328. The wheat raised multiplied about tenfold in the ten years, and in good years now exceeds 3,000,000 bushels; and the product of oats has become nearly as large. Of hay, 121,940 tons were grown in the year 1863-4; of potatoes, 14,947 tons. The heyday of wages was soon after the gold discoveries, when bricklayers got 30s. a day in Melbourne, farm labourers 34s. a week, with rations, and cooks £50 a year, with board and lodging. But in 1864 wages seem to have been still good enough. Farm labourers had 12s. to 17s. 6d. a week, with rations; shepherds, £30 to £40 a year, with rations; generally useful men on pastoral stations, 14s. to 18s. a week, with rations; artisans, 8s. to 10s. a day, without rations; general labourers, 5s. to 7s.; domestic servants, £18 to £30 a year; cooks, £30 to £40. Wheat was 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a bushel; bread, 9d. to 1s. per 4 lb. loaf; milk, 6d. to 8d. per quart; fowls, 4s. to 6s. per couple; potatoes, 1d. per lb., or less; beef and mutton, 3d. to 6d.; tea, £5 to £12 per chest; coals, 27s. to 29s. per ton. In 1864 wheat was 14s. per bushel; butter, 4s. 6d. per lb.; milk, 2s. per quart; fowls, 13s. per couple; geese, 40s. to 60s. per couple; eggs, 4s. to 8s. per dozen. But those wonderful days are past.

NEWSPAPERS AS SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A GENTLEMAN, signing himself "Anglo-American M.D.," has sent the following letter to the *Times*:—

Sir,—I was at the Derby on Wednesday in company with my friend, Mr. H. B. A young man, an Ensign in the 77th Regiment, in trying to enter a railway carriage as the train was backed into the depot at Epom, was thrown down by the side of the track, and his ankle was seriously injured by a wheel of one of the carriages. I happened to come to him soon after he was taken up from his perilous position. He was then standing on one leg, and was held erect by some of his friends. His agony was very great. I had him laid flat down on the sward, cut his boot open, removed it, and found the injury chiefly on the outer side of the ankle. The ligaments were here ruptured, and the parts were excessively contused and swollen. Without entering into any surgical details, which would be here out of place, I may briefly state that splints and bandages were necessary to give proper artificial support till the patient could be taken home or to a hospital. What was to be done? I had no such surgical appliances. I was in a great hurry to get home, and humanity forbade my leaving a fellow-being unprotected. The thing that I needed was a bit of pasteboard; but how could we get it in time to leave in twenty minutes by the next train, for Epom is at least a mile and a half from the new station? Fortunately for me emergency always calls forth resources. As I wanted a substitute for pasteboard my first idea was to take my hat and cut it into splints. But just as I was on the eve of doing this, I pulled the *Times* out of my pocket, and, folding it into the shape of a splint about 13 in. long and 3½ in. wide, I placed it along the inner side of the leg, extending it below the ankle, and doubling the lower end under the bottom of the foot. I then asked for another newspaper, and my friend Mr. B. drew a *Punch* from his pocket, which, properly folded, was placed on the outer or injured side of the leg and ankle. I happened to have in my pocket a handful of fine cotton wool, which I placed under this splint. Three pocket-handkerchiefs served to hold these paper splints securely in place. We gave our patient, in the mean time, a little brandy-and-water; and in twenty minutes after the accident we were in the train for London Bridge, where we arrived in about an hour and ten minutes.

Now, Sir, without following this individual case further here, allow me to make a few remarks which may be of service at some time when medical aid cannot be so promptly obtained. I might, perhaps, more appropriately do this in the pages of one of our medical journals, under my own name; but there I would fail to reach lay readers, for whom alone I make this communication.

1. When anyone is injured in this way the first impulse of friends and bystanders is to raise the person up and fan the face. But the shock to the nervous system is so great that the horizontal position is the proper one to prevent fainting and to insure an early regular circulation. I have seen fatal syncope follow where the erect posture was suddenly adopted and persistently maintained. It is better to keep the head low for a certain length of time, or till the pulse is fully established.

2. The *Times* makes a most admirable splint. Being printed on unusually strong paper gives it great advantages. Thus, with a couple of newspapers and three or four pocket-handkerchiefs we can give temporary support to any broken bone. A handkerchief may be folded longitudinally between the paper splint and the fractured limb, for it is very rare for even a doctor to have cotton wadding in his pocket.

3. The ordinary "stove-pipe" gentleman's dress-hat would make a good splint. Cut away the rim, remove the crown, split down one side, open out the cylinder, and we have a most admirable appliance, some 23 in., more or less, in length, by 6 in. or more in breadth, which will make two splints 3 in. wide. We could have nothing better. Who would not be willing to give even a new hat for the temporary relief of a brother in suffering?

As all Englishmen wear hats, read the *Times*, and use handkerchiefs, they are armed as bone-setters for an emergency.

4. The transportation of a patient with a broken leg or ankle on a railroad without a swing to support the injured limb is attended with great suffering. Mr. B. and myself, with one of the railroad employes, accompanied our young Ensign to London-bridge station. He was laid flat on his back on the seat in a second-class carriage, his injured leg elevated and sustained by one hand under the heel the other under the calf of the leg—thus forming an admirable swing. We each took turns in supporting the leg in this way for five minutes at a time, which was about as long as we could comfortably bear the strain of a rather unnatural position.

My apology for these minutiae is the wish to give hints to non-medical men for the relief of suffering under emergency.

ARCHERY AT DUBLIN.

MANY things live as amusements and ornaments long after they have ceased to have any real significance as instruments for accomplishing the purposes for which they were originally designed. This is pre-eminently the case with archery. The yew bow and the cloth-yard shaft, once deadly weapons in the hands of English yeomen, have long ceased to be instruments of destruction, but are cherished as means of amusement. The bow still twangs amongst us, but it is to win a dainty prize, not to transfix a foe; the feathered arrow still takes its flight in obedience to the aim of the toxophilite, but its goal is an inanimate target, not the breast of a fellow-creature. In the presence of Enfield rifles and Armstrong and Whitworth guns, bows and arrows seem but puny weapons of war; and so they are relegated to the hands of idlers and amusement-seekers, and are not unfrequently wielded by fair and delicate arms. The love of archery, which seems a natural traditional passion in England, is also strong both among the Irish and the Scotch, who were never so distinguished as bowmen as were the yeomen of "merry England." Accordingly, the Irish Grand National Archery Club held its annual fête in the grounds of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week. The shooting commenced on Wednesday, when the palace and the gardens presented a picture of beauty and animation which, for the first time, realised fully the idea of its projectors, inasmuch as the pleasure-grounds as well as the building were open to promenaders. The weather was exceedingly fine; the attendance very numerous—about 5000; the music of several bands of the most enlivening character; and the whole effect of the varying scenes presented from different points of view was in the highest degree brilliant and successful, producing a universal feeling of delight and admiration. The fair archers continued their contest from noon till six o'clock in the evening, their quiet and graceful movements being watched with interest by a succession of spectators during the whole time. The weather on Thursday was most unfavourable, as it rained heavily all day. But on Friday it was again favourable, and the sports were resumed at an early hour, concluding at six in the evening. The attendance was crowded but fashionable, and among the attractions of the scene was the presence of the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse. The ladies who carried off

the prizes were:—1, Miss Betham; 2, Miss Ormby; 3, Miss Radcliffe. The ladies who won minor prizes were Miss Grubb, Miss Tarleton, Miss M'Pherson, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Chance, Miss Drought, and Mrs. Macnamara. Among the gentlemen the most successful were:—1, Mr. George Edwards, who won the champion medal; 2, Mr. Betham; 3, Captain White. Minor prizes were won by Mr. William Butt, Captain Irvine, Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Chance, Mr. Austin, Mr. Macnamara, Mr. Gruggen, Admiral Lowe, Mr. Gubbins, and Mr. P. Butt.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON I. AT AJACCIO.

WE have already published some account of the ceremony of inaugurating the statue of the First Napoleon at Ajaccio, and of the result of the speech made on the occasion by the Prince, his nephew and namesake. Our Engraving this week represents the scene which was presented during the ceremony, a period of excitement which has resulted in a greater number of fêtes than the inhabitants of the rocky island have known for a long time; and perhaps have been more generally observed than any public occasion since the Phœnicians first named the place Cynoa, or Paoli wrested it from the domination of the Genoese.

To those who have become accustomed to the fervour of the Corsican climate, Ajaccio is as pleasant a place as one need wish to visit, and the temperature is bearable in consequence of its situation on the side of that fine bay, of which the Corsicans are justly proud. Then there are high hills on the east and north, and the town possesses a beautiful botanic garden and a capital library, so that, altogether, the place is not too disagreeable for a holiday sojourn. It is, in fact, better in many respects than Bastia, the former capital, to which the Prince proceeded after the inauguration; for, although Bastia has a fine appearance from the sea, being built in the form of an amphitheatre, embowered in gardens and groves of olive, orange, and citron trees, it is too ill-built and ill-cleaned to bear closer acquaintance. However, Ajaccio itself was by no means in its normal state at the time of these fêtes, rejoicings, illuminations, and decorations. The streets were crowded with all sorts of picturesque costumes and ornaments with all the floral devices of which there are such ample materials in groves and gardens. Never was seen such eating and drinking; never was heard such singing and strumming of musical instruments. All the excitement, however, culminated in the scene represented in our Engraving, the grand square in which the statue had been erected, and one of whose sides is towards the sea. Had the statue itself been a colossal figure, elevated on a high pedestal, the first Emperor would appear to be looking not only above the house in which he was born, but far away from the background of grove and hill to the illimitable blue waves. As it is, the statue is bounded by the square and the amphitheatre of trees and rising grounds—a more natural position, perhaps, since the statue is equestrian, and stands upon a broad pedestal, supported at the corners by allegorical figures and at the two wings by groups of sculpture.

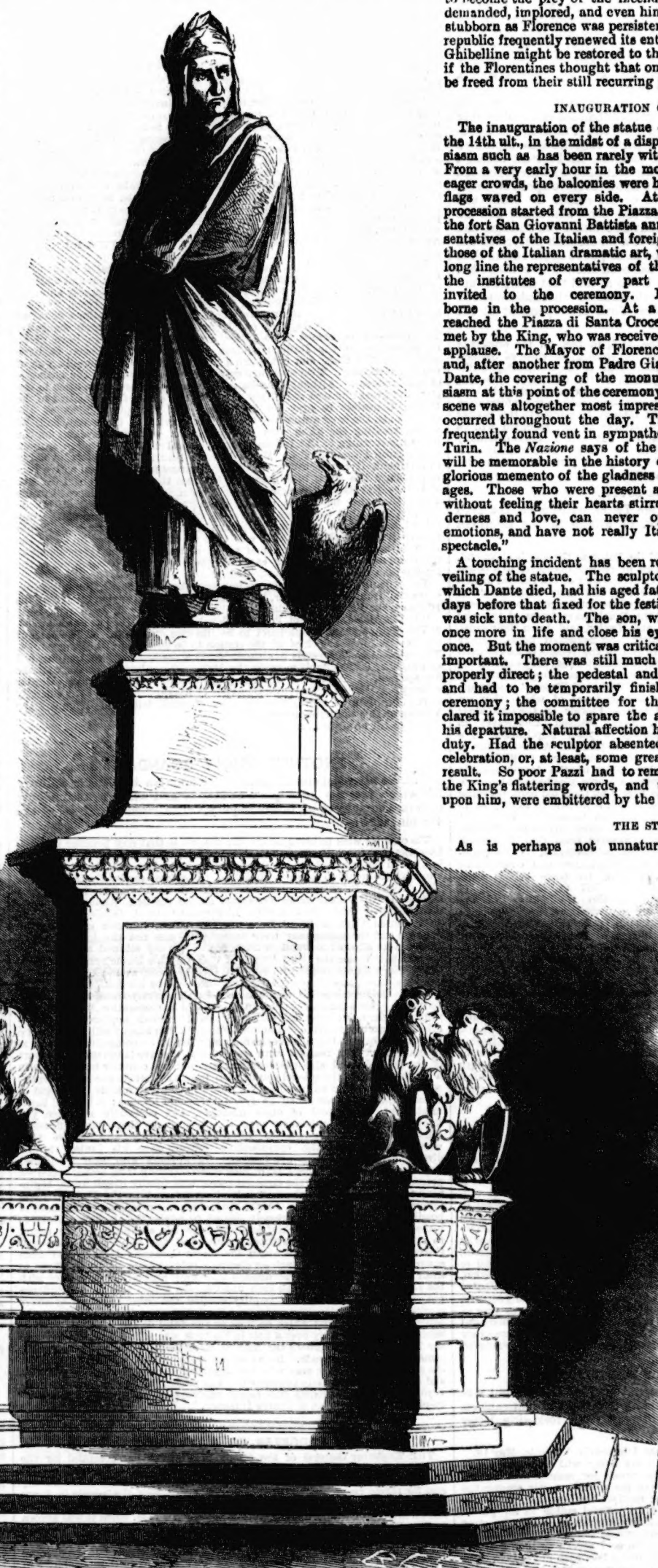
Our Engraving represents the scene at the time of the inauguration, when the Prince had left the dais to approach the centre of the square.

THE DANTE FESTIVAL AT FLORENCE.

THE city of Florence—the birthplace of Dante, the home of the Medici, the great centre of Italian literature and, to a certain extent, of Italian art, and now the capital of the kingdom—was, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of May, the scene of a celebration as interesting as it was honourable to the people of the peninsula; for on those days was commemorated the birth of the national poet.

OBJECTS AND CHARACTER OF THE FESTIVAL.

The Dante Festival of May, 1865, had a triple character. It was at once political, poetical, and popular. For men of letters, poets, and archaeologists there were academical assemblies, with readings and lectures, Della Cruscan sittings; declamations, by such celebrated artists as Ristori and Salvini, of passages from Dante's works; exhibitions of relics of the poet (scarcely any exist that can properly so be called), and of objects having reference to him and his works. These intellectual entertainments being caviare to the multitude, measures had to be taken to afford to it, and especially to its younger portion and its lower orders, reasons for remembering the three days and connecting with them pleasant associations. So it was provided that there should be horse-ship and regattas, illuminations and music in the streets, a great public ball *à fresco*, and the Florentine Jockey Club was induced to postpone its usual races for a month, in order that they might coincide with the festival. Thus was the pleasure of the public provided for; but the really important character of this festival was the political one. Dante was proclaimed the great advocate and prophet of Italian unity and nationality, and in his glorious name all Italians were conjured to love one another like brethren, and to harmonise their efforts and sacrifices for the attainment of one common end. Although got up by the poet's native city, the festival was national, not municipal. The 700 banners which, on Sunday, the 14th ult., waved and rustled through the streets of Florence were borne by as many deputations from every part of Italy. The predominating feeling in the breast of every thinking and patriotic Italian who contemplated that concourse of delegates from Sicily and Piedmont, from Lombardy and Calabria, from Tuscany and the Romagna, and even from Venetia and Rome, must have been one of joy and self-gratulation to see so many brought together in harmony and mutual goodwill who formerly met but for conflict. The King is known to have remarked to one who stood near him that, had a similar assemblage taken place in the days of Dante, the square of Santa Croce would quickly have been converted into a bloody battle-field. It is certain that numbers of the flags which there lovingly blended never met in former days but to be reared against each other in fierce encounter. It is not sufficient that there now is no prospect of a renewal of such fratricidal strife—all Italians are bound to forget every



THE STATUE OF DANTE AT FLORENCE.—(SIGNOR PAZZI, SCULPTOR.)

provincial distinction and every irritating record, and this they endeavoured, and successfully, to do on the occasion of the Dante celebration.

The city of Ravenna received, as Dante's refuge and the place of his death, special honour in the festival. Its municipality figured, with that of Florence, alone in the procession of Sunday, the 14th, and its banner was one of the four which waved above all others in the four corners of the square of Santa Croce. The Gonfaloniere of Florence, some time since, addressed a courteous and almost an affectionate letter to the Syndic of Ravenna, expressing, on behalf of the committee for the festival, the desire that the municipality of the latter city should have the first honours of that national solemnity—honours which the committee looked upon as a sacred duty to award to them—offering, at the same time, to the Syndic and members of the municipality "a hospitality which can never be sufficiently fraternal and loving to requite that which the greatest of Italian citizens found, in his day of misfortune, at that ancient seat of glorious memories." The letter, and the equally cordial one in which the Syndic accepted the invitation, suggest curious contrasts with the days when Italian republics and Tuscan factions lived in a state of almost unceasing warfare among themselves. After Dante's death Florence and Ravenna were near fighting for his remains, which the former obstinately claimed. In deep repentance at the cruel ingratitude she had shown to her glorious son, suffering him to be driven into exile and his dwelling

to become the prey of the incendiary, the Tuscan city alternately demanded, implored, and even hinted threats, but Ravenna was as stubborn as Florence was persistent. During many generations the republic frequently renewed its entreaties that the ashes of the great Ghibelline might be restored to the city of his birth. It seemed as if the Florentines thought that only by such restoration could they be freed from their still recurring paroxysms of remorse.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE.

The inauguration of the statue of Dante took place on Sunday, the 14th ult., in the midst of a display of patriotic feeling and enthusiasm such as has been rarely witnessed in the city of the Medici. From a very early hour in the morning the streets were astir with eager crowds, the balconies were hung with drapery, and national flags waved on every side. At a little before nine o'clock the procession started from the Piazza di Santo Spirito, the cannon of the fort San Giovanni Battista announcing its departure. The representatives of the Italian and foreign press led the way, followed by those of the Italian dramatic art, with their banner; then came in long line the representatives of the provinces, the communes, and the institutes of every part of Italy, and the foreigners invited to the ceremony. More than 700 banners were borne in the procession. At a little before eleven the cortège reached the Piazza di Santa Croce, where it was shortly afterwards met by the King, who was received with hearty and long-continued applause. The Mayor of Florence then delivered a short speech, and, after another from Padre Gian Battista Giuliani in honour of Dante, the covering of the monument was removed. The enthusiasm at this point of the ceremony rose to the highest pitch, and the scene was altogether most impressive. Not the slightest disorder occurred throughout the day. The patriotic feeling of the crowd frequently found vent in sympathetic cheers for Venice, Rome, and Turin. The *Nazione* says of the celebration:—"The 14th of May will be memorable in the history of the Italians, and will remain a glorious memento of the gladness of a day that cancels the grief of ages. Those who were present at the solemn honours to Dante without feeling their hearts stirred, without shedding tears of tenderness and love, can never open their breasts to generous emotions, and have not really Italian hearts. It was a majestic spectacle."

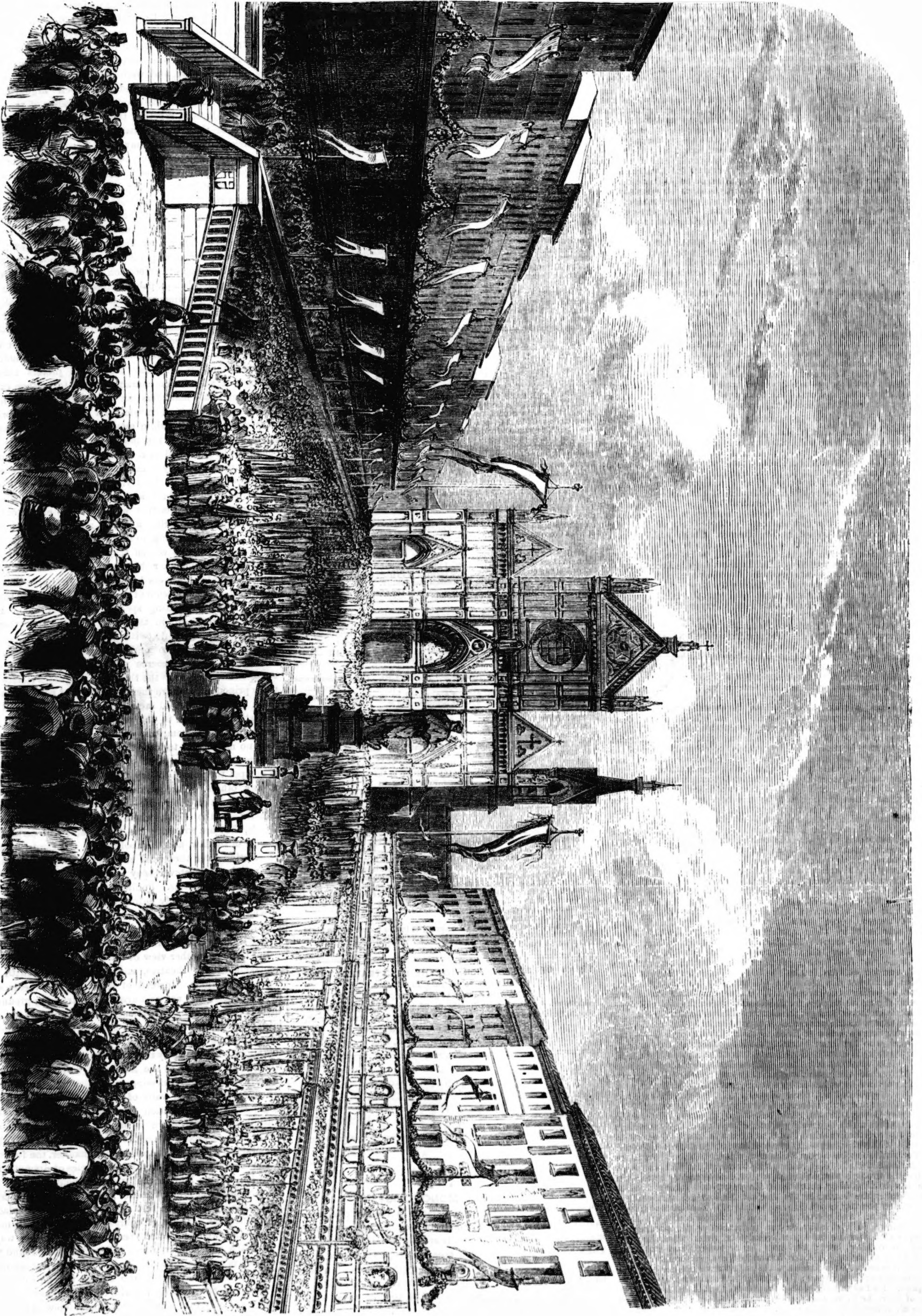
A touching incident has been related in connection with the unveiling of the statue. The sculptor, Pazzi, a native of the city in which Dante died, had his aged father living in Ravenna. Just four days before that fixed for the festival, news came that the old man was sick unto death. The son, with a natural craving to see him once more in life and close his eyes, would have hurried away at once. But the moment was critical, and his presence in Florence all important. There was still much to be done which he alone could properly direct; the pedestal and its ornaments were incomplete, and had to be temporarily finished so as to pass muster at the ceremony; the committee for the erection of the monument declared it impossible to spare the artist, and put a resolute veto on his departure. Natural affection had to yield to the voice of public duty. Had the sculptor absented himself a postponement of the celebration, or, at least, some great deficiency, must have been the result. So poor Pazzi had to remain, and his triumph as an artist, the King's flattering words, and the mark of distinction bestowed upon him, were embittered by the news of his father's death.

THE STATUE.

As is perhaps not unnatural in a land where works of art are so closely criticised as in Italy, a controversy has arisen as to whether Signor Pazzi has been quite happy in his rendering of the expression of Dante's face in the statue, some critics insisting that a too haughty and stern tone has been imparted to the features. Be this as it may, however, the statue is admitted to be a fine work of art. It is of colossal dimensions—five metres sixty-eight centimetres high, the pedestal adding six additional metres to the height of the monument. The figure, we are informed on authority, "is in the attitude of generous scornfulness, fired by noble ire at being banished unjustly, indignant and at the same time sorrowful at the sight of a country torn by nefarious factions and at the absence of a potent hand to break the chains of patriotic misery." The right hand holds the never dying book of his life; the left is clenched, keeping uplifted the wide mantle that covers him, and is pressed against his breast as if he were anxious to suppress "the outburst of the righteous fury which he is labouring under." A Roman eagle, on the left, stands behind and looks up inquiringly at him whose sternly defiant head, crowned with laurels, is turned against the Casa Peruzzi, as if the

subject of his wrath were hiding there. The pedestal is by Signor Luigi del Sarto, architect to the community. It is in the fourteenth-century style, square, with blunted corners that make its base decidedly octagonal. Four lions keep watch on it and over the shields which bear the titles of the four principal works among Dante's minor ones. Each title is wreathed differently—Monarchy rejoicing in oak-leaves; Festivals, in olives; the New Life, in laurel; and Popular Eloquence, in various flowers. On the ornamental ground, upon which the poet is standing, which, however, is only temporary, there is, firstly, a border of arms representing the principal cities of Italy, with Rome in front and in the midst, similar posts of central honour being allotted on the opposite and lateral sides to Turin, Naples, Milan, flanked each by sisters of minor fame and importance. All the cities thus distinguished have paid for their "reserved seats" by handsome contributions towards the erection of the monument. Next to be noticed are four baso-reliefs in colour, which represent Dante—first, repulsed by the wild beasts of the "Inferno" (canto i.); second, reading "Purgatory;" third, entering the constellation of Twins (Par. c. xxii.), in memory of his birthday, which came under that heavenly station of the sun; fourth, meeting with Manfredi in Purgatory (canto iii.) The summit of the pedestal bears the following inscription:—

A DANTE ALIGHIERI
L'ITALIA.
MDCCCLV.



INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF DANTE BY KING VICTOR EMANUEL.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 262.

SIGNS OF THE END.

MR. WILLIAMS, who used to criticise the Estimates with so much pertinacity, has been gathered to his fathers, and nobody has caught his falling mantle. Sir Henry Willoughby—who, though not so pertinacious a critic as Mr. Williams, was far more able and searching—has also vanished, and will never criticise Estimates more. Mr. Augustus Smith, who is a critic of no greater acumen than Mr. Williams, and much more prolix, does not intend to seek for a place in the new Parliament, and, we suspect, has already retired to his sea-nest in the Scilly Isles, of which, as leaseholder from the duchy of Cornwall, he is lord and master. "Lord of the Scilly Isles," over which he reigns with far greater power than many European monarchs. This is the title and position of Mr. Augustus Smith; and, as we have said, we suspect that he has retired to his domain. Neither is Mr. Bernal Osborne—another voluminous critic, if no more—in town. What spirit has come over the honourable member for Liskeard this Session we cannot tell; but some change he must have undergone, for he did not show himself in the house until after Easter, and he has spoken only once, and then he was exceedingly dull. Rumour says that he is not to represent Liskeard again. But if not, why not? and if not, to what county, or city, or borough will he throw the handkerchief? Or are we to have a Parliament without Mr. Bernal Osborne? May the powers forefend! for of Mr. Bernal Osborne we may say, as Prince Hal said of Falstaff, and for much the same reason, too, "We could have better spared a better man." These critics of the Estimates, then, being all away, it is not surprising that the House galloped through the votes as it did last week. On Thursday night the Government netted seventy-four votes. On Friday, at the far-end of the sitting, it gathered in nine more—making eighty-three in two nights—including the English Education vote, the Irish Education, and the Kensington Museum, each of which has often had a night to itself. We had, though, a smartish fight on Thursday over the last-named estimate. Mr. Cox flew at Mr. Layard, who, in return, seized and shook Mr. Cox. Mr. Vincent Scully harking them on with great glee; and at one time there seemed a prospect of a general battle, but it proved a mere skirmish of outposts, and in less than two hours the combat died out and the vote was passed. The fact is, there is no fight in anybody here now. Even the Irish members are peaceably inclined. Scully makes only short speeches, and Hotspur Whiteside's spur is getting cold. The simple truth is, reader, the Parliament is, as we said last week, dying—in every member of it, dying. It is already in the projected shadow of the coming event, and all that we can expect of it is that it should rapidly wind up its affairs.

DESERTED LOBBY.

Here is another sign of the approaching end. The lobby, where strangers usually most do congregate, is almost deserted. During the month of May we have had here, as usual, an influx of persons anxious to get into the house to hear the debates, but the meetings at Exeter Hall are over and they have vanished, like ghosts, excepting always Dr. Tresham Greg, the great Protestant champion, whose portly form, topped by a formidable clerical hat, is sure to be seen when anything affecting the Protestant Church of Ireland is before the House, for he is the great Protestant champion, the clerical, as Mr. Whalley is the Parliamentary defender *à la* mode of the time. Fierce and fiery zealot is Dr. Tresham Greg; and, if need were, would wield a pike as well as he can wield a text. So long as the Roman Catholic Oaths Bill is before the House, we are sure of the presence of Dr. Tresham Greg. Even Mottle—our old friend Mottle—who generally drops in twice or thrice in the week to see Lord Fermoy, or Mr. Harvey Lewis, or Sir Morton Peto, or some other metropolitan member, having now other business on hand elsewhere, is no longer seen here. Very seedy was Mottle a few weeks ago, evidently moulting, as we said; but now he is in full feather again. His harvest is coming, and he has either got his clients to pay down a retaining fee, or else by his insinuating eloquence has persuaded Moshe, the clothier in New Cut, to let him have a suit of clothes, on his giving said clothierman a sort of Lloyds' Bond upon his coming gains. For Mottle will have gains, you may be sure, at the general election, and no small gains. But if our readers ask what he does for his pay, we can no more tell than we can say what the Government does with the secret service money which is annually voted by the House. We suspect that he too is an official of a secret service in Marylebone, or Finsbury, or Southwark, or Lambeth, or perhaps in all four of these respectable boroughs. One of his duties is, as we have learned, to attend convivial or other meetings of the electors, and to make speeches, tell humorous stories, and sing songs, and generally to do whatever his experience may suggest to keep them together and, in committee-room phrase, to "make them all right." And great is the experience of Mr. Mottle, and great is his knowledge. He has been in every fight that has occurred in the metropolis during the last twenty years, knows most of the electors, and is at home at every crib from Highgate to New-croft. But Mottle must have other duties than these, but what they are our readers must imagine. Perhaps his special function is to attend the "doubtfuls"—the men who have itching palms; but we don't know. But, whatever they may be, Mottle is already engaged in them, and no more lounges about the lobby. Neither have we any deputations now. The last that we had was a gathering of bankers come to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer about his Bank Notes Issue Bill, which he has withdrawn. The one before that—a deputation of distressed paper manufacturers—headed by Mr. Wrigley and marshalled by their indefatigable agent, Mr. Kintra. These had come up to support Mr. Maguire, and to listen to him as he, in his eloquent way, laid their sorrows and losses before the House of Commons. And these deputations are the last that we shall see this year, for we have few bills before the House that anyone cares about, and what few there are will probably be all withdrawn; must be withdrawn, indeed, if it be true that Lord Palmerston means, if possible, to close the Session on or before the 15th of July—dissolve forthwith, and get the elections all over before harvest.

The men with the grievances, too, pay the lobby but fitful visits now that there are few to listen to their plaints; poor C—, for instance, who has been haunting the lobby for four years at least. His grievance is that the Government has stolen a patent from him, and he has worn out more time and shoe-leather in lounging about the lobby than the patent was probably ever worth. Four years, hoping against hope, has he been seeking redress in this futile way, always disappointed but never despairing. This year he expected great things: not only redress, but revenge, which is as sweet. The Attorney-General, he said, would be certainly disbarred, that was the least revenge which he should get, and he hoped that the Government would be overthrown when Parliament came to know all he had to reveal. All his hopes are waning now, or have gone. But never despair. "You shall see what a new Parliament will do." Then there is the little, lame, dwarfish man, with a long beard. What his name is, or what the wrong is that he nurses, we could never rightly learn; but he has been gliding about here for years, and seizing hold of members by the button as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, and pouring into their ears the long tale of all his woes; but, alas! in vain. And the tall man with the longer beard, who is as well known in the lobby as the policeman or the doorkeeper. Very smart was he and gentlemanly in dress when he first took to coming here; but now he is rough, and unkempt, and seedy of attire. He, too, has a grievance, we should suppose, from his constant attendance and the importunate manner in which he pounces upon members; but what it is we have never cared to inquire. He has so long waited for redress that, if he has not got out of heart, he is, or soon will be, out at elbows, poor man! These have all disappeared, but we suppose they will turn up again next Session, unless kind Death shall be fore then release them from their burdensome grievances by quietly laying them in the grave. It has been told to us that these grievances are all mere fancies—chimerical grievances, and nothing more. But what of that? They are all the harder to bear.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Royal assent was given by commission to several bills. The Dogs Regulation (Ireland) Bill went through Committee, and the Commissioners of Supply (Scotland) Bill and the Parsonages Bill were read a third time and passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SCOTCH BUSINESS.

The House of Commons had a morning sitting, which was given up to Scotch business. The LORD ADVOCATE moved that the House go into Committee on the Writs Registration (Scotland) Bill. Mr. DUNLOP moved that the bill be referred to a Select Committee. Thereupon a long discussion ensued, lasting to ten minutes to four o'clock, when the debate was suspended without any result being arrived at.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—LONDON UNIVERSITY.

In the evening Lord PALMERSTON moved the adjournment for the Whitsuntide holidays, whereupon Mr. G. DUFF called attention to the desirability of providing the London University with a fitting building at the national expense. He enlarged on the claims of the University.

Mr. COWPER said that the subject was under the consideration of Government.

THE ORDNANCE SELECT COMMITTEE.

Mr. H. BAILLIE once more directed attention to the proceedings of the Ordnance Select Committee, which, he reiterated, had been characterised by mismanagement, incompetency, and extravagance. The Ordnance Department was, in fact, administered by a committee of officers who were practically without responsibility and had very anomalous duties to perform, for, whilst they were called upon to pronounce judgment upon the inventions of other persons, they had become rival inventors and manufacturers themselves, and carried on their experiments at the cost of the country.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON replied, and defended the conduct of the Ordnance Department.

THE AZEEM JAH PETITIONS.

The report on the Azeem Jah petitions was then considered, and after a long discussion it was ordered that George Morris Mitchell be committed to the gaol of Newgate, and that Marshall and Whitehead be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, for the part they respectively took in procuring forged signatures to the said petition.

SUPPLY.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and, on rising, adjourned to Thursday last.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE LATE FICTITIOUS SIGNATURES TO PETITIONS.

Lord C. Russell, the Sergeant-at-Arms, appeared on the floor of the house and said that, in accordance with a warrant intrusted to him, he had arrested Powell Marshall and Henry Whitehead, and they were now in his custody. The warrant for the apprehension of George Morris Mitchell he had been unable to execute.

Mr. HENNESSY presented petitions from Marshall and Whitehead expressing their contrition, and moved that they be discharged, especially as they had no money to pay the fees.

The motion was agreed to.

CONVOCAION.

Mr. WHITESIDE inquired whether a license had been granted to Convocation to alter a canon of the Church.

Sir G. GREY said the Crown had not invited the concurrence of Convocation. In the event of a license being granted to alter the 36th canon, in accordance with the bill now before Parliament, it would imply no approval of what Convocation had already done.

THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE.

Sir G. GREY said that, in consequence of the happy event which had occurred since they last met, he had to propose that an address be presented to her Majesty on the occasion of the birth of a Prince, assuring her Majesty of their devoted attachment to her person and family.

Mr. DISRAELI, in seconding the motion, said the event could not be more gratifying to her Majesty than it was, publicly and privately, to her Majesty's subjects.

SUPPLY.

On the motion that the House go into Supply it occurred that, although there were seven motions on the paper, not one of them was mentioned. The House then went into Committee on the Estimates.

On the vote of £23,366 for the National Gallery, Mr. KINNAIRD adverted to the number of petitions that had been presented in favour of the opening of this building from seven until ten o'clock in the evening.

Mr. COWPER, while fully recognising the strength of the claims urged, thought that the risk attending such a step, both from fire and the damage likely to arise from noxious gaseous air, would be so great as to demand further inquiry prior to such a result being agreed to.

The vote was agreed to, as was also that of £1650 for the British Historical Portrait Gallery.

On the vote of £750 towards the salary of her Majesty's Consul at St. Petersburg.

Mr. CLAY expressed his objection to the practice of eking out a portion of the salary by a charge on British shipping, arguing that the Consulate ought to be put on the same footing in this respect as consulates in other parts of the world. He moved the rejection of the vote.

Mr. LAYARD said that negotiations were going on in reference to the general principle of the payment of Consuls abroad, and he trusted that the hon. member would not press his amendment.

The Committee having divided, the amendment was negatived by a majority of 50 to 20.

A question put by Mr. H. SEYMOUR, relative to the British captives in Abyssinia, led to an explanation by Mr. LAYARD, who deprecated any discussion at all on that subject, as calculated to imperil the safety of the captives, probably their lives. The Government would, from time to time, give such information as to the progress of the negotiations to procure the release of Captain Cameron now going on under the supervision of the Foreign Office, always, however, bearing in mind the effect which might be produced on the minds of the Abyssinian Government by the publication of any intelligence. He strongly condemned the publication of despatches in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, he regretted to say, could only have been obtained from some one in an official position.

The vote was ultimately agreed to.

A great number of other votes were agreed to in the course of the night.

The House resumed at a late hour, when several bills amongst the orders of the day were advanced a stage.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

THEATRICAL MONOPOLISTS.

"SIR, the hilarity of these persons is mighty offensive," said Dr. Johnson, when a couple of young clergymen were making themselves somewhat boisterously jovial in his presence. The managers of the London theatres inspire a very similar sentiment by their persecution of the proprietors of music-halls. The conduct of these theatrical monopolists is mighty offensive; and mighty foolish too, as they would not fail to perceive, if they were not, like all monopolists, blinded by prejudice and a mistaken notion of their own interests. Monopoly, under any circumstances, is an injustice and a mistake; but it becomes mighty offensive indeed when it is attempted to be enforced by such means as

those resorted to by Mr. Horace Wigan and his coadjutors against Mr. Strange, of the Alhambra, and, through him, against the other proprietors of similar places of entertainment in the metropolis. The gentlemen who are attempting to "put down" Mr. Strange resisted the pretensions of the lessees of Covent Garden and Drury Lane in the days when the two "patent houses" claimed the exclusive right of producing theatrical representations within the bounds of the metropolis. The managers of the minor theatres were then supported by public opinion, and were enabled ultimately to triumph, because common-sense indorsed their argument that a monopoly tended to deteriorate the quality of the entertainments produced. Whether their career since has justified the preference they then obtained we will not now consider; theatrical amusements may have been cheapened, but it is doubtful if they have been improved, since the exclusive privileges of "patent houses" were withdrawn. But with what show of consistency can Mr. Wigan and those with whom he acts now resort to precisely the same means to support precisely the same pretensions as those against which they protested in former years? We care not whether "the law be o' their side" or not. They may be right in point of law; but they are certainly wrong in point of equity and sound policy. And to adopt a system of persecution by continued harassing and petty litigation is a palpable confession that they are wrong.

Do the entertainments provided in music-halls really attract audiences from the theatres? We don't believe they do; but admitting for the sake of argument that the theatres do suffer, then one of two conclusions is inevitable: either that the amusements at the music-halls are superior to those offered by the theatres, or that the public prefers them, even though of an inferior character; and in neither case have the theatrical managers an equitable right to interfere. If the proprietors of music-halls are more enterprising in "catering for the public amusement"—as the fashionable phrase has it—than the managers of theatres, the balance ought to be redressed in a different way than by putting in motion the machinery of law to restrain individual energy and interfere with public liberty. The people have a right to choose as to how, where, and by whom they will be amused; and managers of theatres would act wiser by outbidding music-halls, by providing a better and a cheaper entertainment, than by resorting to legal means of suppressing their rivals. By the one course they would prove their superior excellence; by the other they confess their inferiority—a very impolitic confession indeed. It may be desirable that amusement-seekers should frequent the theatres rather than the music-halls; a more elevating species of entertainment may be placed before them in the one than in the other; but that has nothing to do with the question now before us. Everyone has a right to compete for public patronage, and no one has a right to coerce public taste. In their crusade against the music-halls the theatrical magnates violate each of these principles, and are therefore guilty of both injustice and folly. Let them outbid their rivals in the quality and cost of the article they offer to the public, and we believe they will have no reason to complain of the result. At any rate, they have no more right to force the public to come to their houses for amusement than some of the grocers of London have to compel the people to buy tea only at their shops, and not at any others. The accident of the law being on their side—if it be on their side—will not put the managers of theatres in the right, when in equity, and therefore in morals, they are wrong. The final result will certainly be a change in the law, and the abolition of the Lord Chancellor's jurisdiction over theatrical entertainments, and, with it, of the privileges, whatever they may be, at present enjoyed by proprietors of theatres. Public liberty will not yield; but an absurd law, oppressively enforced, must. These are not days in which monopoly can successfully contend with freedom; and freedom in the purchase of amusement is as much a public right as freedom in the purchase of food.

But there is another view of the subject which we think the managers of our theatres, and those who act with them, strangely overlook. Instead of damaging the theatres, may not the music-halls act as nurseries or training-grounds for them? The taste for any particular indulgence does not spring into existence all at once: it gathers strength by degrees. This is especially the case with the taste for theatrical representations: "it grows by that it feeds on." A man who begins with seeing a ballet at the Alhambra, is very likely to find himself ere long witnessing a similar but superior performance within the walls of a theatre. From relishing a single song or a selection from an opera at the Oxford Music-hall, the transition is natural to wishing to hear the whole work as produced on the boards of Covent Garden or Her Majesty's Theatre. And, in like manner, the foundation of the capacity to enjoy the highest species of dramatic representation may be laid in the private "spouting club" or in the most minor of minor theatres; and the taste once created it will infallibly seek the best means and the best place for its gratification. These, of course, are to be found only in regular and well-conducted theatres; and in this way the music-halls and similar places will probably be found to act as nurseries and recruiting-grounds, for theatrical audiences. We commend this view of the matter to the careful consideration of the theatrical world, convinced, as we are, that if they will only take a broad and liberal view of their own interests, they will find it conducive to those interests to encourage music-halls and not to suppress them.

A TERRIBLE COLLISION took place on the Great Western Railway on Tuesday night. The accident occurred near Bristol. Four persons were seriously injured, but no fatal result is anticipated.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES was safely delivered of a son on Saturday morning last. Both her Royal Highness and the infant Prince are going on admirably.

PRINCE ARTHUR will represent her Majesty at the inauguration of the Welsh memorial to the Prince Consort at Tenby.

THE PRINCE OF WALES inaugurated the central hall of the Dramatic College, at Maybury, on Monday. The day was brilliantly fine, and a very large company had assembled.

THE MOTHER OF PRINCE COUZA, Sovereign of Roumania, died suddenly a few days ago.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, it is said, has declined the honour of a visit from his son-in-law, Prince Napoleon, on the ground that his presence in Florence at this juncture might endanger the success of the negotiations with Rome.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION is now being held at Cologne, and is a great success.

THE REV. W. M. HETHERINGTON, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the Glasgow Free Church College, died on Tuesday week, after a lengthened illness.

MRS. MARY BARTON died near Tralee, a few days ago, at the mature age of 102.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION is about to be established at Portsmouth.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT is about to add new ironclads to the navy.

A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER of volunteer artillerymen have become deaf owing to the firing of heavy guns.

A LARGE MODEL OF STONEHENGE is about to be presented to the Salisbury and Wilts Museum.

THE CROPS throughout the country are reported to be most promising. The hay harvest has commenced in some quarters, and the yield is most satisfactory.

FOURTEEN DORSETSHIRE FISHERMEN landed on that coast 10,000 mackerel one afternoon last week.

THE UNION CHARGEABILITY BILL is to be opposed in the House of Lords, the Duke of Rutland assuming the leadership of the patrons of "close parishes."

THE CEMETERY at RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, contains 60,000 new graves.

A YOUNG MAN NAMED LAWSON, son of a working silversmith of Oxford, is the winner in the Dublin lottery of the ex Lady Mayoress's state chariot, horses, and harness, value 400 guineas.

THE CARPENTERS AND FARRIERS at Taunton are going to strike for an increase of wages. Their present wages are 20s. a week, and they want 24s.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE of new waterworks, baths, and assembly-rooms was laid last week at West Worthing, in Sussex.

THE RATEPAYERS of NAAS have decided, by a majority of thirty-four, not to adopt the clause of the Towns' Improvement Act empowering them to light the town with gas.

THE BOOK WHICH PROUDHON WAS WRITING at the time of his death has just appeared, under the title "On the Political Capacity of the Working Classes."

RAFAEL'S CARTOONS, which have been lately transferred, with her Majesty's permission, from Hampton Court, are now arranged in the long North Gallery of the South Kensington Museum.

THE IRONWORKERS of WORCESTERSHIRE have issued a notice that, in consequence of the high price of meat, they have resolved not to buy any for a month.

THE AMOUNT of damage done by the bursting of the Bradfield reservoir is £377,000. Of this sum £14,073 is for loss of life and bodily injury, and the remainder, £276,824, is for injury to business and property.

THE SHEEP-FARMERS in SKYE are complaining very much this season of the depredations committed by eagles amongst their young lambs. At Glenbrittle ten lambs were carried away in three days to one nest. The nest was reluctantly destroyed, as it was that of the first golden eagle known to breed there for many years. One of the old birds was killed.

MONDAY was a general holiday among the artisans of the metropolis, and the day, being one of unclouded sunshine, tempted an unusual number of pleasure-seekers out of doors. Greenwich, Hampstead, Richmond, Epping Forest, and other easily-accessible rural pleasure-grounds, were extensively patronised, and all was holiday good-humour.

THE DIRECTORS of the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY have determined to take their factories to Oxford, and thereby to add a large manufacturing suburb to the city. They do this at the special instance of the Oxford Corporation, who sell them city land for the purpose. Mr. Goldwin Smith opposes this project, believing that it will do mischief to the University.

AT A SIDING near the Birmingham station of the London and North-Western Railway, a steady and experienced breakman stepped upon the rails for a moment to look after some waggons, when the mail-train came up and mutilated him in a shocking manner. Death was instantaneous.

JOHN FROST, the once celebrated Chartist, completed his eighty-first year on Thursday, May 26. Though so old a man, his health is unimpaired, and he is now as hale and hearty as he was thirty years ago. He resides at Pontypool, and has been for some time engaged on his autobiography.

THE ETON COMMEMORATION, usually held on the 4th of June—the birthday of George III.—was this year held on Monday, the 5th. The attendance was as brilliant and gay as ever, the declamation of the boys was capital, the procession of boats imposing, and the glorious summer weather lent an additional charm to the proceedings, both indoors and out.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON died on Thursday morning, at eight o'clock, in his sixty-second year.

THE MOST REV. DR. MANNING was installed Archbishop of Westminster on Thursday. The ceremony took place in the church of St. Mary, Moorfields, usually known as the pro-cathedral.

GENERAL R. E. LEE (says a Richmond correspondent) will soon leave the city and repair to his farm, situated near the famous White House, on the Pamunkey River, to spend the remainder of his days in peace, quiet, and agriculture, if unmolested by the Government. His son, General Custis Lee, is already on the farm alluded to, and is actually doing his own ploughing in person.

A COLLIERY ACCIDENT took place on Monday, near Wigan, by which two men were killed and five severely wounded. The men were engaged in sinking a shaft, when a portion of the brickwork gave way, and they were all buried in the ruins. No time was lost in getting them to the surface. The bodies await a coroner's inquest.

AN EXHIBITION of insects is to take place in Paris. The exhibition is to be divided into two categories: the first of which will include—1, The producers of silk; 2, The producers of honey and wax; 3, The insects used in dyeing; 4, Insects used for the table (one is curious to know what this class will comprise); and, 5, Insects used in medicine. The second category is not so pleasant, consisting of all the insects that prove destructive to cereals, vineyards, orchards, forests, and woods used for building purposes.

MR. R. N. PHILLIPS has declined to be put in nomination as a candidate for the representation of Manchester, and an application is to be made to Mr. Milner Gibson. Should he decline, the Liberal party have resolved to invite Mr. Edward Miall to become the colleague of Mr. Bazley. A Manchester paper speaks of Sir Charles Wood being invited to offer himself for the city.

EARL RUSSELL, in an official letter published in Tuesday's *Gazette*, formally withdraws belligerent rights from the ships of "the so-called Confederate States." Any such vessels that may now be in British ports are forthwith to depart, and, for the last time, United States vessels that may be watching them will be prohibited from doing so before the lapse of twenty-four hours. If the commanders of Confederate vessels wish to divest them of their warlike character they may do so, but at their own risk.

MISS EVELINA ROTHSCHILD, second daughter of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, was married on Wednesday to her cousin, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, second son of Baron Anselme de Rothschild, of Vienna.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS.—The lilac in April, "Give me leave." The rose in June, "Well, I'm blown." The asparagus in July, "Cut and come again." Peas in August, "Shell out." The apple-tree in September, "Go it, my pippins." The cabbage in December, "My heart's my own."

NATIONAL LIFE-BOT INSTITUTION.—A fine new life-boat and transporting carriage were forwarded by the institution to North Sunderland, on Tuesday, in lieu of a smaller boat and carriage previously stationed there. The self-righting qualities of the new life-boat were recently fully and satisfactorily tested in the Regent's Canal Dock, Limehouse. The cost of the boat and its equipment, with its transporting carriage, amounting to £400, has been munificently presented to the institution by Mrs. Anstice, of Tyne-mouth, Northumberland, and the boat is named the Joseph Anstice. A free conveyance, as usual, was readily given to the boat by the Great Northern and North-Eastern Railway Companies. The institution has now nine life-boats on the Northumberland coast, on which the sum of nearly £5000 has been exclusively expended by the society. The 148 life-boat stations under the management of the institution require an income of about £7400 to keep them in effective condition. Miss Florence Nightingale has sent to the institution a liberal contribution of £20, accompanied by a gratifying and encouraging letter in which she says that she herself had been so happy as to see with her own eyes the noble endurance, "obedience unto death," of an army in which every man was a hero; and expressed a hope "that God will continue to bless, as He manifestly has blessed, the Life-boat institution."—The Herbert Ingram life-boat was launched at Skegness, on the Lincolnshire coast, one day last week, with much festive ceremony, the Spilsby Rifle Corps forming a guard of honour.

THE DOG SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

THE inhabitants of Islington have again been enjoying all the pleasures which spring from the congregation of between 1000 and 2000 dogs, but to which custom does not seem to reconcile them. Few animals are more admired and liked by an Englishman in the individual; but in a mass they are scarcely so enjoyable. You may have a great attachment to your pointer, or setter, or mastiff; but you would scarcely have a similar feeling in respect to a gathering of 300 or 400 of the breed barking and howling through night and day. Yet that is what the Islingtonians have just had to endure, and their temper is not improved by it. The people about the Agricultural Hall are getting something of the look of a snapping Skye terrier. Want of rest and want of sympathy are souring them; for they get no sympathy. Just as nobody ever attaches any importance to anybody else's toothache, so no one thinks of sympathising with those who for more than a week are nightly kept awake by the voices of the dogs. "Every one," says Shakespeare, "can master a grief but he that has it," and on this principle London is apt to underestimate the sorrows of Islington. Supposing, however, that those griefs are real, it becomes a question whether the sufferers ought not patriotically to have borne them in silence. All of us are called, at one time or another, to give up something for the good of the State—why should not Islington make sacrifices for the rest of the metropolis? Clearly, dog shows are interesting to the London public; clearly, they attract and amuse many thousands of people. Let the Islingtonians remember this, and bear as well as they can with the "dog-show nuisance."

The exhibition, which opened on Friday week at the Agricultural Hall, was not so good as some which have preceded it. Numerically, there was a strong show; but the general run of animals was by no means equal to last year. The Prince of Wales exhibited in several classes. If we might judge from the kind of dogs that his Royal Highness sent, we should suppose that he has a strong taste for many exercises. Thus he had no poodles—no fancy dogs of any kind. He had greyhounds, and deer-hounds, and mastiffs, and blood-hounds, and in each class he showed some very fine animals. They were none of them prize-takers, though one or two of them seemed to us as good as anything in any of the classes. No doubt the fact that his Royal Highness was an exhibitor gave much interest to the show; but there were other features in it which, apart from the patronage of Royalty, made it attractive to the Briton, who "dearly loves a dog." The pointers and retrievers were perhaps as fine a set of dogs as ever were brought together. There were several couples of harriers, fox-hounds, and Clumbers; and the Haldon harriers were there in a body. The deer-hounds were much less numerous, and were poorer than last year; and the fancy dogs, though numerous, were scarcely equal to former shows. The Newfoundlands were in great force—not very numerous, but of pure breed and thoroughly fine animals, something, in fact, very different from the mongrel animals which on several previous occasions have done duty for these fine dogs. So with the mastiffs. They were very good, and would bear the closest scrutiny. There was scarcely a bad animal among them. The blood-hounds were few but choice, and there were not many other hounds. Among the foreign dogs were some that could not fail to be interesting. There was, for instance, a fine specimen of the pure-bred Australian dingee—a clean, fawn-coloured animal, with well-shaped head and neat legs. The Prince of Wales showed two kangaroo-hounds—animals not unlike our ordinary greyhounds. There were two or three truffle-hunters—keen-scented little beasts, whose services are indispensable in the search for truffles. There was also a clean-coated, bright-eyed Esquimaux dog, of which the catalogue says that its name is "Chow"; that it is ten years and a half old; that it was bred by the late Emperor of Russia—the breed being held in especial estimation by his Majesty for hunting purposes; that it was captured at Sebastopol by a French officer; that, on its voyage to France, it was shipwrecked; and that, a week afterwards, it was picked up off a rock a hundred miles from the scene of the wreck. The dog thus has a history, and one which, being told, could not fail to make him the object of much attention.

The bulldogs and fancy animals were all in the galleries. It was not an uninteresting study to read some of the panegyrics of their dogs which the owners of several of the bull breed affixed to their kennels. There is not, perhaps, an uglier beast in creation than the thick-jointed, black-tipped, broken-nosed, short-faced bulldog. Yet numbers of them in the hall rejoiced in the name of "Beauty," and in some cases the shortness of their faces was vaunted as proof of their great superiority. No doubt, from the point of view of the initiated, this is all correct. But a looker-on who has no particular affection for the breed may be pardoned if he fails to see the beauty of the animal or the particular advantages of a short face. However, at dog shows great allowances must be made for variety of tastes. Else, how could anybody approve of the praise and admiration lavished by the ladies on those abominable little snapping Skye terriers? They may be very nice companions for aught we know; but surely it is an acquired taste that can like the constant bursts of noisy ill-temper and the vicious snapping of the little beasts. These were shown in plenty, though less numerous than on some former occasions. The Dandie Dinmonts, too, were not very strongly represented. There were some very pretty and graceful Italian greyhounds; and among the toy dogs proper there were several which are certainly curiosities. One pretty, white-haired, good-tempered little fellow reclined on velvet and drank out of a silver cup. Another had a no less luxurious bed, and beside him were three cups, trophies won at Paris, Birmingham, and elsewhere.

The arrangement of the show was admirable; the different breeds of dogs were classified and distinctly separated. The total number of specimens exhibited was 1063, 300 more than at any previous show; but, so capacious is the building, that four times the number at least might be shown with equal facility.

Several of the principal prize-winners are shown in our Engraving. The initiated will easily distinguish the classes to which they severally belong. A large mastiff broke his chain during the exhibition, and "went adrift" among the other animals. He was, however, speedily captured, and again placed under restraint. This incident is also depicted in our illustration.

AN ANECDOTE FOR ANGLERS.—Some years ago, an angler, named Jacques, was fishing near Clifton Hall, and the late Sir Robert Clifton, brother of the present Baronet, who now enjoys the estate, came up to him and said, "Who gave you liberty to fish?" "Nobody," replied Jacques. "Then what right have you here?" asked Sir Robert. "As much as you, and no more," said Jacques. "What! what do you say? you impudent rascal; do you know who I am?" "No," said Jacques, "nor I don't care." "I'm—I'm Sir Robert Clifton," said he, in a violent passion. Jacques looked at him and smiled; then said, "You, Sir Robert, nonsense! I know him well; have taken wine with him. You're not him; you may be his butler!" This was enough; he swore and tore, and away he ran to the hall for assistance, and Jacques immediately followed his example by taking himself away in another direction.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—As usual at this institution there was an infusion of novelty into the entertainments provided for the Whiteside visitors. For the first time a lecture was delivered by Mr. J. L. King, illustrative of an apparatus by which a person may enter any suffocating atmosphere, and be secure against its effects; and it is particularly available against the operation of that dangerous accumulation of foul air which is known as choke-damp. The apparatus—which is the invention of M. Gallibert—consists of a sheepskin bag worn on the back like a knapsack, which is filled with pure air; and communicating with it are tubes, terminating in a mouthpiece, which is fixed in the teeth and the lips drawn over it, while the apertures of the nose are closed by means of nippers. In this condition a man may set at defiance any mephitic gases for a period of twenty minutes by inhaling the pure air which he carries in his bag. This operation was performed during the lecture, a dangerous atmosphere being created for the purpose. The pictorial illustrations and optical illusions, including specimens of the famous ghost scenes, have been enlarged for this occasion; the delineations of the Holy Places at Mecca and Medina being interwoven with representations of those at Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The singular performances of Mr. Pepper and Mr. Tobin in their "wonderful cabinet" are continued with marked success. The specialists conclude with a new musical entertainment by Mr. George Buckland, assisted by an efficient corps of vocalists.

CROQUET.

HAVING already incidentally alluded to the game of croquet in the course of a few remarks about billiards in a previous Number, I am utterly surprised that I should have expressed any admiration for the latter amusement, except as a rather dreary substitute for more rational pastime during wet weather and in a dull country house. Who can possibly derive any satisfaction from sprawling over a dingy green-baize table, in a bare apartment, either stiflingly hot and stuffy or full of strange draughts and shudders, for the sake of clicking a few ivory balls about, when he might be one of a gay, sprightly company, on a smooth, velvety, breeze-kissed lawn, with the scent of flowers borne upon the morning air, and the centre of a bevy of beauties with piquant hats, fascinating little boots peeping from beneath the looped-up skirts of fresh diaphanous robes, in the midst of a blooming "garden of girls"—in fact, ready to commence a croquet tournament, and help his own to pass through the hoops, thread the birdcage, and strike the twining-post?

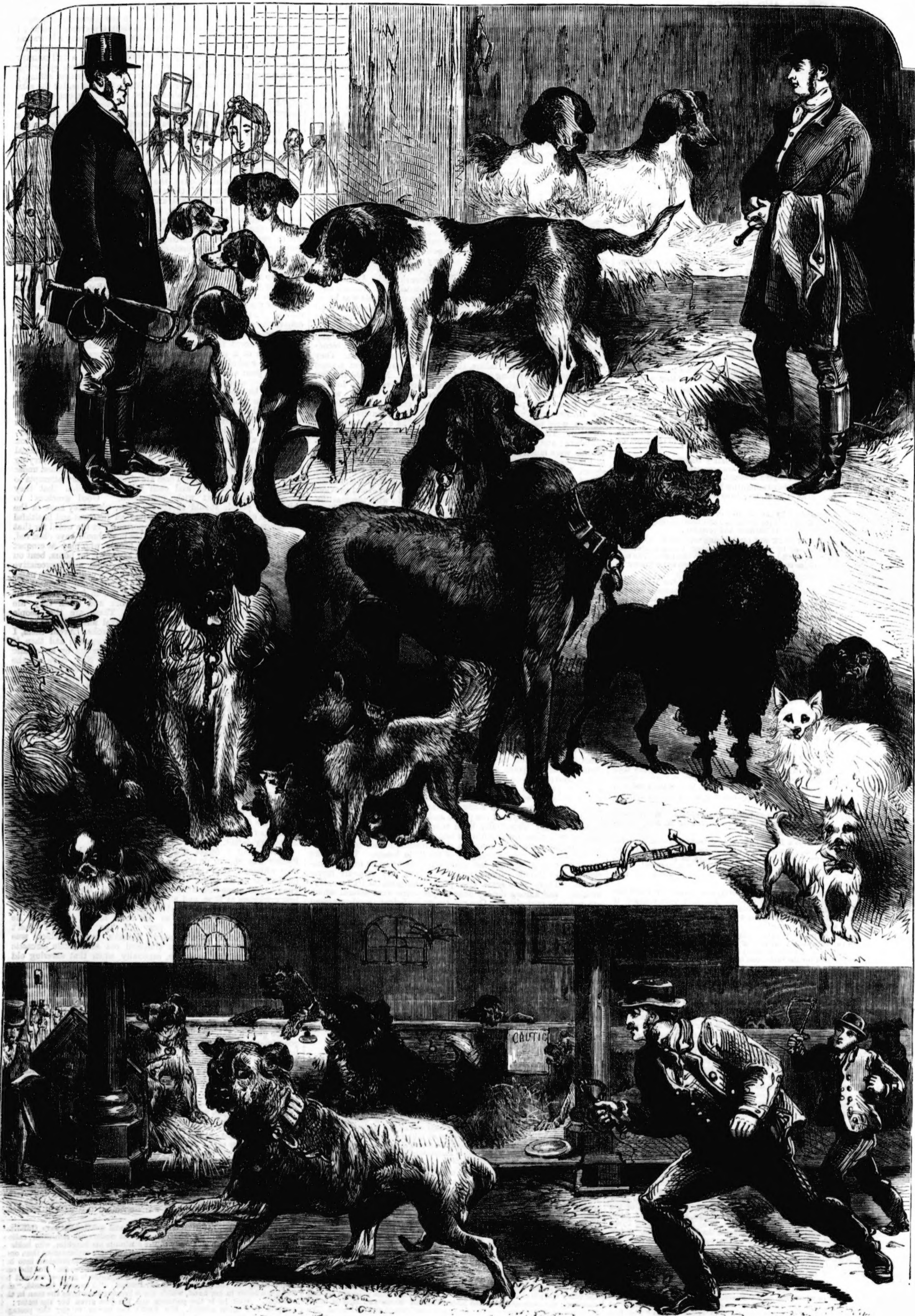
The truth of the matter is, that we are in the very "prime of summer time"; and, though the evenings are not always particularly "calm and cool," there is a sweet fascination about the gravel walks, the shady alleys, and the trim, quiet lawn belonging to a well ordered country house, which is happily introduced and fitly consummated by the game at present so worthily in fashion. Where is the human being, except he be a jockey, who cares to ride in weather when the mercury is overflowing the top of the thermometer, and the varnish peels off one's patent leather boots in the shade? Yachting is capital for three hours on deck in the evening; but oh! the horrors of that "snug" little saloon, with the tepid hock, the three warm courses, and the flaccid lobster salad—oh! the dread of seeking repose on the creaking couch in that cabin, where the sea breeze mingles with the odour of the steward's pantry, and your "sniff of the briny" is mitigated by a soupçon of shrimps and stilton cheese. In the same way, rowing, delightful enough as a means of cultivating personal energy and muscular development, is only possible when prompted by ambition; while to be rowed is out of the question, except to those persons who take pleasure in the contemplation of a perspiring waterman. With one fair companion, and in the cool of the evening, there are worse occupations than sitting in a punt and pretending to catch fish; but it is an amusement which, to a single man, is not without grave responsibilities, and can never be repeated except under an engagement. I have known people who took pleasure in going out in the evening along shady lanes for the purpose of catching insects in nets, and professed a wonderful interest in the science of entomology; just as I have seen other misguided individuals who strolled about the country, each with a pocket microscope and a double-sized tin sandwich-box strapped over the shoulder, to hold what they called botanical specimens. I have even heard of harmless creatures carrying hammers with them to the sea-beach in order to break stones, under the protection of geology. These are often very dreary attempts to impose on themselves and each other the notion that they "combine amusement with instruction." Good gracious! to think that people should so misuse terms, when they have in the noble and exhilarating game of croquet an innocent and healthful recreation which affords the best opportunity in the world for that proper study of mankind—which, as the poet should have observed, is—woman. Not but what there are people who play at croquet only for the sake of the game, and will keep at it for hours, bent on making scientific strokes, and without that quick and appreciative sympathy which alone makes amusement worth calling by the name of pleasure—people who would have made good partners for Mrs. Battle at whist; the same sort of folks, in fact, who will sit down to chess after a hard day's work and think they are improving their intellectual faculties. These are the people who dispute over the rules, and swear by rival authorities as to the nature of a croquet or the recurrence of a stroke. Avoid them, I entreat you, unless you yourself are a crack croquet; and then, if you can become "a rover," drive them to desperation by an erratic but unrelenting attack upon their positions. No! Give me the players who will miss a hoop while admiring a charming foot; commend me to the fair and gentle croquetess who will go back to croquet a clumsy lover towards the birdcage. For her I feel the deepest admiration, whether I watch her place upon the ball a tiny boot of plastic kid or a dainty morocco shoe with a ruche of rose-coloured ribbon, delicate contrast to a stocking of pearly grey.

With such a partner a right-minded man will feel stealing over him a sort of chivalrous reverence which takes this remarkable form: he will be contented to play his worst that he may be the recipient of that tender consideration which leads her to pity his want of skill, and encourage him to make himself more worthy of her. Ah! it is a mistake, dear madam, to suppose that men always like to be regarded only as tolerable, though misplaced, creatures requiring to be snubbed; and I have seen many a stout fellow shudder when he has seen a supple foot placed with cruel precision on the ball which was to make that fatal croquet. I have sometimes fancied that I heard his heart cry out as the rosy mouth contracted into a little malicious grin of perky triumph at his temporary defeat.

Never shall I forget that game at Briarwood when Charley Fielder was chosen on the opposite side to Marian Baile. It had been whispered that they would be a match—matrimonial, I mean, for he was no match for her at croquet—and Charley, as everyone knows, will come into fifteen hundred a year. He was one of the best cricketers at Eton, and at Oxford afterwards, and had stood up against the professional bowlers at Lord's, which is a different thing to playing croquet, as he soon found out, when he began to drive the ball past all the hoops, I don't think he would have minded Marian's croquet, which was of course quite fair; but she simpered out some little sarcastic speech that set him in a rage, especially when that sneering old Hopper began to cackle out his disagreeable laugh. When it came to Charley's turn again, I promise you, he gave the ball a crack such as might have got a couple of runs at the Oval, and sent it smack into old Hopper's waistcoat in the most good-humoured manner possible. That finished the first game, but in the second Alice Raymond succeeded old Hopper on Charley's side, and croqueted him through three hoops till he began to pick up the play. She had been sitting on the garden seat, watching all that was going on, and pitied the poor fellow. Surely pity must be very close to love; for, I see from a letter which the wailer has just brought into the club, that Charley is about to take his name off the list of members, in consequence of his intended marriage with Alice, second daughter of Ralph Raymond, of Briarwood, Esq., J.P.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—At Lewes, on Saturday last, a youth named John Cornwall, aged fifteen, was in the Bridgwick chalk-pits, near Lewes, intending to take the nest of a bird, which was some distance up the face of the cliff. With this view he commenced climbing up the projecting pieces of chalk to a giddy height, and had nearly reached the object of his perilous feat, when a lump of chalk gave way, and he fell backwards to the ground, together with an enormous weight of loose stone, amidst which his form was hardly discernible, the only spectator being his father, who happened to come that way at the time. The boy fell crushed and bleeding at his father's feet. The parent rushed in while the chalk was still descending, about him, and notwithstanding large pieces continually struck him, rescued the boy just before an enormous piece of limestone, weighing several hundredweight, toppled over and fell upon the spot where he lay. The poor youth was apparently dead, but it was ascertained that he still breathed. He now lies in a dangerous state.

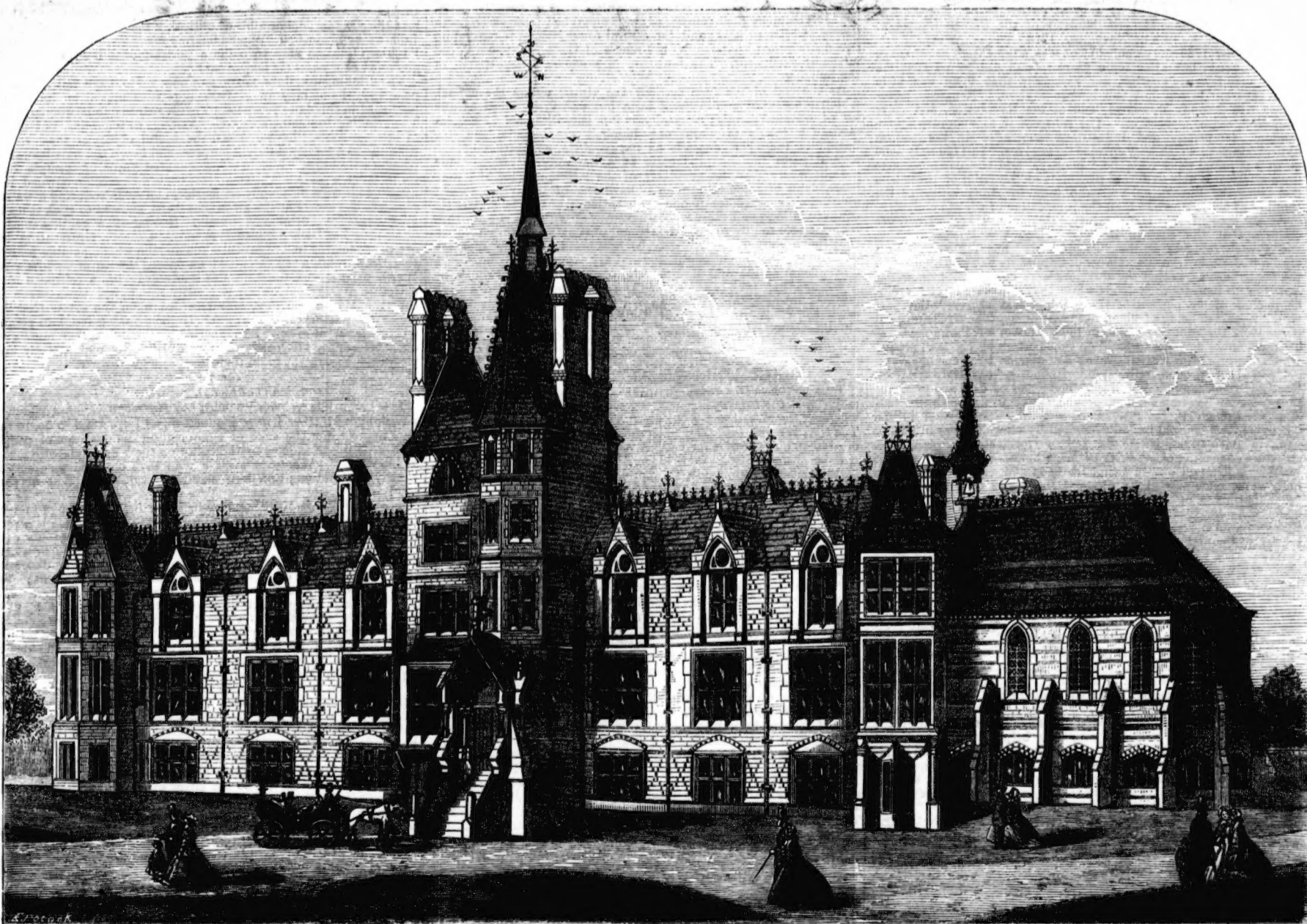
POPULAR PICTURE CRITICISM.—A lady and gentleman were standing before a picture by Millais which most of our readers still remember, called "Trust Me," in which an elderly suitor confronts his daughter, who holds a letter behind her back. The picture admits of more explanations than ever for Mr. Millais has that rare faculty of putting blended expressions into his faces which often puzzle us, as the expression of real faces do. But the on this gentleman was overheard giving his companion is as new, we will be bound to say, to the painter as to our readers. "You see," he said, "she has got a letter in her hand, which she is keeping back from the man in the red coat. Well, he is the postman, and has just given her the letter; suppose it's from abroad. She hasn't the money to pay the postage, so she says—'Trust me.' The explanation was given with perfect gravity and in apparent good faith. It was gratefully accepted in the same spirit, and the lady seemed proud of her companion's intelligence in so rapidly reading the riddle.—*The Shilling Magazine*.



THE DOG SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.



"CROQUET"—(DRAWN BY ADELAIDE CLAXTON.)



THE FRENCH ASYLUM AT VICTORIA PARK.

THE FRENCH "PROVIDENCE."

A BOOK has just been published in Paris under the title of "Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux galères de France, pour cause de religion." It is a translation of a volume printed in Holland more than a hundred years ago, and professes to be the memoirs of a Huguenot gentleman condemned to the galleys for his religion during the fierce dragonades and revolting persecutions of the Protestants by Louis XIV. and Louis XV., after the revocation of the celebrated Edict of Nantes.

For nearly a hundred years the persecution was carried on at comparatively short intervals. Eleven regiments of soldiers were formed of the emigrés in the English army; and, even before the revocation, Vauban computed that France had lost by the persecutions about 100,000 inhabitants and nearly 30,000 soldiers and sailors, many of whom were trained to the service. In 1687 there arrived in England 15,500 emigrés, some of whom brought considerable property, most of whom brought knowledge of arts, of manufactures, and of handicrafts, which ultimately established new branches of commerce in the country of their adoption.

The church for French Protestants, founded by Edward VI., was now totally inadequate to receive members of its communion; but new churches or chapels were rapidly opened, and when Chamberlayne wrote his survey of London there were above twenty of these, the larger part being situated in that eastern suburb lying about Shoreditch, Hoxton, and Spitalfields. Above 13,000 emigrants had settled in or near the metropolis; and but for an immediate collection of about £60,000 their sufferings would have been even greater than they were.

It is at least gratifying to know that the national reputation of the English people for generosity was manifested on that occasion, and that the sum subscribed soon reached £200,000, a provision known as the "Royal bounty," although it would be difficult to discover what Royalty had to do with it until some time afterwards and in another reign. In the first year, 1686-7, about 6000 persons were relieved from the proceeds of this fund, and during 1688 27,000 applicants received assistance, besides others who had employment found for them, or were relieved either by private charity or the benevolence of their more wealthy fellow-emigrants, who had succeeded in securing a remnant of their possessions. But there were aged people, sick people, widows, orphans, poor broken men, lonely women, lost, friendless children, and not a few wretched creatures driven frantic, or fallen into melancholy insanity, through the cruelties they had undergone. For these a temporary or even a permanent refuge was the only true provision, and some efforts were made to establish one. Nothing was accomplished in this way, however, till 1708, when, on the death of M. Gastigny, a French gentleman, who had found a refuge in Holland, had become master of the bounds there, and came to England with William of Orange, it was discovered that he had left £1000 for the foundation of a hospital—£500 for the building and the interest of the other moiety for its maintenance. This fund was, of course, altogether inadequate; but the distributors of the "Royal bounty" took the matter in hand, invested the legacy at accumulating interest, made a general canvass of the principal families of the refugees and of their own friends, collected contributions, and at last, after some years, purchased a piece of land of the Ironmongers' Company for 999 years. This land was situated beside a pathway (now Bath-street) in the parish of St. Luke's, and stood open to the fields which skirted the road leading to Hoxton. Upon this they built the first portion of the hospital, and at once received eighty inmates; but, more help coming in, and notably several donations from the Duchesse de la Force, and a splendid gift of £4000 from Philippe Hervart, Baron d'Huningue, they bought another piece of ground, erected fresh buildings, and laid out a sort of ornamental garden or pleasure. They were then able to receive 230 inmates, including those in the infirmary and the portion devoted to the insane.

The first foundation was concluded in 1718, in which year the directors obtained a charter from George I. and were created a body politic, under the title of "Governors and Directors of the French Hospital for poor French Protestants and their descendants residing in Great Britain." The charity was established by a solemn religious service, attended by a great concourse of refugees, and celebrated by Philippe Menard, Minister of the French Chapel at St. James's, on the 12th of November, 1718.

In the year 1760 the establishment was augmented, as we have before noticed; but after some years it was discovered that the claims were fewer in number, and especially that there was little or no occasion to continue the lunatic asylum. Religious persecution had happily decreased, and at the Revolution, and under Napoleon, ceased altogether. The refugees in this country also—prudent, temperate, and industrious—succeeded in the various undertakings to which they devoted themselves. In 1720 only 5000 persons required relief from the "Bounty," and the commissioners were afterwards able to devote part of it to the relief of those who fled from the Revolution, and who were in many cases of the families of those who had been the persecutors of the old emigrés.

At the end of the last century, therefore, there were fewer claimants of the French Hospital, which was known amongst the French refugees as the "Providence;" but the same causes which had diminished the number of applicants had also diminished the contributions, so that the directors were compelled to consider how best to increase their funds while they decreased their establishments. Some portion of the building was removed, that part which remained being of about the same dimensions as the original part before the additions; and, in 1808, an Act of Parliament was obtained enabling them to build on that portion of the land around which the new streets of St. Luke's had already been commenced.

Upon this ground now stand Radnor-street, Galway-street, Gastigny-place, and part of Bath-street; and by care and prudence the governors have been able to provide for about fifty poor descendants of French Protestants, who still find an asylum in the "Providence." The old building, entered by a low doorway in a blank wall, in Bath-street, beside St. Luke's Hospital, is a plain brick structure consisting of a series of large houses overlooking a great walled garden laid out in primitive beds and walks. Beyond the high walls, once skirted by pleasant fields and open country, the taller tenements of a crowded neighbourhood shut out the view, and the garden itself has about it an inexpressible air of decay, as though its former pleasant flower-beds had faded for ever under the influence of sordid surroundings; while the remains of rustic arbours covered with the withered tendrils of climbing-plants add to its melancholy appearance. There is little of a picturesque character in the large bare room used as a refectory, or in the large clean wards, well supplied with quaint little nooks of cupboard's, and each furnished with those queer spindle-legged wooden beds covered by dimity hangings which might have belonged to them at their first installation. But, on the other hand, there is an air of comfort and repose about the whole place, and especially in the obvious regard for individual convenience, which separates it altogether from those more mechanically dispensed "charities" that bespeak an approach to pauperdom. There is nothing of this kind of almsgiving in the "Providence." It was a refuge for those who claimed and received careful attention at the hands of those who knew the causes of their misfortunes and gave their help lovingly; and that this characteristic is preserved may be seen in the quaint old furniture of the rooms, in the plain but respectable and undisturbing dress of the inmates, and in the freedom with which they are permitted, by application to the steward, to go and visit their friends or to receive visits from any of those who care for them.

The board-room is, perhaps, in its way, one of the most extraordinary apartments in all London; for in it are still retained those wonderful oval tables with a multiplicity of legs, that make them look like a highly-enlarged mechanical puzzle; the high-backed shining anatomies of chairs, their morocco seats worn to a russet brown, like the covers of an old dictionary; the old prints with French inscriptions, recording how the Huguenots worshipped in the Clerk's field during the old troublous times, and dim portraits of former founders, the most prominent of which is that of Henry de Massue, Marquis de Ruvigy, Earl of Galloway, the first governor. Scarcely less suggestive is the little room set apart as a chapel for

the united worship of this venerable family of ancient men and women, many of whom have long numbered those three score years and ten which are the extremity even of old age, some of whom are alert with eye and ear even when they can look back upon more than eighty years' experience of a world which has undergone such strange changes since they first listened to the clatter of the looms in the colony at Spitalfields. These things, however, are already a part of the past; and perhaps before these lines are printed the descendants of the French Protestants, widowed or unmarried, who form this quiet community will have entered a new and beautiful home, where they may spend many comfortable days before they are gathered to their fathers.

The old place has, in fact, been let, just as it stands, to tenants who are willing to pay a very handsome rental for such a substantial building; and the new hospital, represented in our Engraving, will be quietly but effectually inaugurated, its completion having been effected by the care and prudence of the governors, who have so well husbanded the funds committed to their charge.

At South Hackney, away from the smoke of London streets, and overlooking the fine expanse of Victoria Park, near that point where the great fountain has been erected by Miss Burdett Coutts, stands the new hospital for the descendants of French Protestants living in England. The details of the whole building may be said to have been the result of a labour of love, for Mr. Romieu, the architect, is himself the representative of one of the oldest of the French families which sought a refuge in England during the great troubles; and he has succeeded in raising an edifice which, while it is complete in every practical detail, is perhaps the most striking example of that kind of architecture to be seen in this country.

The style of the building is that of the Old French Château, which was contemporary with the later Tudor in England, and became common in France during the latter part of the reign of Francis I., continuing from the period at which the Reformation was making progress to the time of Henry IV., when the castles of the feudal nobility were being replaced by mansions of a less warlike people, who devoted to domestic convenience the apartments formerly intended for security or occasions of state. The high, pointed roofs, peculiar towers, and spirilike coverings, together with the use of external colour and the quaint irregularity of outline, produce such a varied combination of hues and grouping, that the aspect of such a building, especially when seen from a distance, is singularly picturesque, however plain may be the character of the details.

These details of the new hospital, however, are admirably carried out; and the appearance of the exterior, admirable as it is, is well supplemented by all the internal decorations and the fittings of the various apartments—designed for the accommodation of sixty inmates, besides the resident officers and servants of the institution. The building, which stands in a garden of more than three acres in extent, inclosed by an ornamental wall, decorated with coloured brick, is reached by passing through a handsome lodge-gate conducting to the path leading to the entrance-hall, a handsome area, paved with encaustic tiles, and having a high dado of the same material. Beneath an arched ceiling of variegated brick and a pair of screen arches a flight of steps leads to the central corridor, which extends the whole length of the building and rises to its entire height, having an open roof constructed of timber and glass. This corridor gives access to every part of the building, except the basement; and a double stone staircase opposite the entrance is appropriated respectively to the men and the women, while two separate staircases belong to the servants and to the family of the steward. All these staircases, as well as the passages and corridors, are fire-proof, and they all open upon the central gallery, so that any of them may be used in case of emergency.

The basement is occupied by various offices; by the store-room, the men's bath-room and smoking-room, and by a capital laundry, besides lavatories and drying-room. Besides the waiting-room, steward's offices, stores, lavatories, and a large work-room for the women's use, there are two "day rooms," or general sitting-rooms—that of the women being 50 ft. long by about 20 ft. wide, and that of the men 24 ft. square. The court-room, which occupies the western extremity of the building, is a handsome apartment, only equalled by the hospital refectory, which is 47 ft. long by 20 ft. wide. The upper floor consists of twenty-two bed-rooms, two bath-rooms and linen-rooms; and the central tower, which is carried up two floors higher, contains the bed-rooms of the servants employed in the establishment. The infirmary is a separate department of the building.

At the end of the main corridor the visitor enters the chapel, which is a gem of architectural taste not easily described by the list of technical details; especially as it is only designed to accommodate a family of about one hundred worshippers, and the beauty of the whole depends on the exquisite adaptation of the several parts for the production of a harmonious effect. We are not aware that the governors of the "Hospital for the poor descendants of French Protestants" have ever of late years sought assistance or asked for public contributions; but it is matter for congratulation to all those who are connected with the charity that they are able to give so good an account of the stewardship to which they have succeeded. We may be excused for saying that the charity is one which might successfully appeal to those rich descendants of the first emigrés who should have its history by heart, and that those of the old noble houses who still hold a high position in this country would do well to place their names in the same list which contains those of Baron d'Huningue, Marquis de Ruvigy, and Comte de Radnor.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

The Conservatives mean to make a desperate effort to gain a majority in the next Parliament. Every city, borough, and county, wherever Conservatism has the ghost of a chance, is to be contested. The time is come, they feel, when they must win the prize of office or give up all hope of it for years to come, and no labour nor money will be spared to gain their object. But it is confidently asserted by the Government election agents that the next Parliament will be very much like this, and if any change take place it will be in favour of the Government. My own impression is that this is little more than guess; I am disposed to think that Conservatism will gain somewhat. The Conservative agents are more active than those of the Government, and more experienced. Moreover, it is observable that in few cases do Conservatives fight Conservatives; whereas, for three Liberal candidates to try for two seats is a very common occurrence. I should not be at all surprised if the Conservatives were to gain sufficient strength to enable them to defeat the Government and get into office for a time; but it will only be for a time. Compact as they seem to be, they are not really so. An Opposition has but one object—to defeat the Government—and always seems to be united, and is united to gain that object; but, that object gained, it is not infrequently happens that the party becomes disorganised. The Conservative party very soon showed signs of splitting in 1858. The Government was pledged to bring forward a reform bill. It proposed a reform bill, and at once two of its most important members, Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley, seceded, and took their places below the gangway. The country cannot be governed upon strictly Conservative principles. The word Conservative is a very expansive word; it can be made to cover widely different principles. Lord Stanley calls himself a Conservative, and so does Mr. George Bentinck and Lord Robert Cecil. But, really, Lord Stanley and these two gentlemen are wide as the poles asunder.

Mr. Speaker again stands for North Nottinghamshire, and will again be elected. If the Conservatives should gain strength he will probably consent to hold the office of Speaker for another Parliament, to prevent a contest; but if the Liberals should, after the elections, prove strong enough to carry their man, Mr. Denison will in that case, I suspect, resign his claim and go to the Upper House as Viscount Ossington. The Conservatives, it is said, will, if they see a chance of success, put up Mr. Walpole, who would be a formidable opponent to any Liberal candidate that might be selected; for

Mr. Walpole is very popular in the house. But I do not see how the chance is to arise. For Mr. Denison will certainly not think of resigning unless the Liberals shall be sufficiently strong to elect a successor from their own ranks. It may be asked, why should not the Conservatives oppose the re-election of Mr. Denison? To which I answer, that it is not the custom of the House to displace a Speaker unless he has been guilty of flagrant partiality. Mr. Manners Satten was displaced by the Whigs, but then he was charged with having advised the Sovereign to dismiss the Whig Government, or something of the sort.

The *Morning Advertiser* has taken to beating the drum ecclesiastical with great vigour, to rouse all true Christians to vote against Mr. John Stuart Mill. It thinks it has discovered sheer Atheism in the philosopher's new work. Not that the editor of the *Tisier* has read the book. Not he. Quite out of his range of reading is such a work as that. He is beholden to a review of it in the *Athenaeum* for the extract. It is questionable whether he has carefully read the paragraph; and that he does not understand it is beyond question, for there is no Atheism in that particular passage—nor, indeed, in the whole book; but, on the contrary, pure Theism, and that of the most exalted character. The fact is, to men like the editor of the *Tisier* the word Atheist is simply an offensive missile which they keep ever in hand to hurl at men who do not believe exactly what they believe. Pantheist is another of these missiles. One of these sapient gentlemen, not many years ago, hurled both these missiles, one after another, at another great philosopher, declaring, in the same breath, that he was both Atheist and Pantheist. But it is hardly surprising that the editor of the *Tisier* should not know the meaning of the word Ath-ist, for it is Greek, and a certain fiery controversy upon Phallus worship, which appeared in his paper some years ago, sufficiently proved that Greek formed no part of the editor's education. Mr. Mill opens no public-houses in Westminster. You may search all through the borough and not find a handbill of Mr. Mill's in a public-house window. He has not appealed, and does not mean to appeal, to the "great pot interest." I suspect that if Mr. Mill or Mr. Mill's friends had retained a score or two of public houses, we should have had no charge of Atheism brought against Mr. Mill in the columns of the *Tisier*. If Mr. Mill had consented temporarily to potheism—to use one of Carlyle's words—we should probably have heard nothing of his Atheism.

I have just received a copy of the annual report of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, and am glad to find that the institution is in a very satisfactory condition. Seventy children have been admitted since October last, making a total at present in the asylum of 404, a larger number than that for which it was constructed. The directors, having during the past year cleared off their debt, are now directing their attention to the means of extending the usefulness of the charity, and, with this view, propose to double the extent of their buildings, so as to receive 800 inmates. Of course this requires funds, and I hope the appeal of the directors will be liberally responded to. They truly "plead for those who cannot plead for themselves."

Wanted, a Sir Peter Laurie to "put down" ferocious dogs and attempts at suicide. Scarcely a day passes but there are cases before the police courts of persons having been bitten by dogs and of would-be suicides, sometimes two or three of each sort in a day. It may be difficult to find a means of putting a stop to the self-murder mania; but if the police and tax surveyors did their duty the suppression of the dogs might easily be accomplished. It is really intolerable that peaceful people should be in constant danger while passing along the streets from ferocious brutes which either have or have not owners, but which are practically unrestrained, especially at this season, when hydrophobia may be expected to prevail, simply because Sir Richard Mayne and his myrmidons neglect their duty. Oh, for a little continental police vigour, and the curs would vanish!

The *Day of Rest* has been changed from a weekly into a monthly publication, and I understand that Mr. Hain Friswell has ceased to have any editorial connection with it.

I heard the other day of a man showing a stranger—a countryman—over the exhibition at the Royal Academy. "That's Deep Chrome," said the cicerone. "Innishown by Moonlight." "Ah!" said the stranger, doing a bit of critical, "I see the moonlight; but I don't see the moon." "What a fellow you are!" returned his friend. "If Deep Chrome were to paint a portrait of a lawyer's clerk, do you think he'd paint the lawyer too?"

The drinking-fountain movement appears to have fallen into a poor way, if one may judge from a piteous appeal on its behalf published in the daily journals. This is scarcely to be wondered at. The drinking-fountains are excellent things as fountains, but many of their promoters have diverted the useful object of their establishment to a totally different purpose, and hence the withdrawal of popular patronage. Within a few hundred yards of Temple Bar, for instance, a certain Alderman, not otherwise much renowned, has recorded his own biography on marble, and on introducing a water-pipe into the centre of the affair has been allowed to stick it up in Fleet-street for a drinking-fountain. Not far off a gentleman of a filial turn has been permitted to erect a statue representing his deceased mamma in a night-robe and angelic wings, holding a huge shell, into which a tap is turned on during the warm months. At Westminster one of the fountains is adorned with a reference to a Scripture passage, which appears sadly misapplied when taken in connection with the fact, also recorded upon the stone, that the donor is a famous distiller of gin. If the drinking-fountain people wish their useful gifts to be supported by the public they must give over this copper-gilt ostentation of overflowing philanthropy and piety, and be content to do their good in a quiet way.

LITERARY LOUNGER.

It is impossible to keep up with the *Fortnightly Review*, which is a book by itself; but I may just return, as I promised to do, to the first number, for the sake of again calling the attention of people who write to the articles by the editor on the "Principles of Success in Literature." Whatever such a man says on such a subject is worthy of attention; and how admirably said is all that he *does* say!

The John-Stuart-Mill literature has long been a source of amusement to me. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Tuesday there is a very good article indeed about the relation of his books to his candidature. On Monday, however, there was in the same paper a hint that, if he wants to "succeed," he had better cease to disregard the "traditions" of electioneering, and show himself; the electors don't know what he's like! Just conceive Mr. Mill rushing home from France, where he was a few days ago, to address the electors at the "Cock and Bottle," or even at St. Martin's Hall, because they do not know what sort of man he is! On the other hand, there is certainly something ludicrous in the idea of a Representative who is a mere "concept" of the people whom he represents. Mr. Mill must be seen at last, and he might just as well announce that he would read in public, at Store-street, or somewhere, a selection of passages from his "Logic" and "Political Economy." What a rush there would be to see Mr. Mill! What a battery of opera-glasses would be turned on to the desk at which he stood; and what reverberating thunders of applause would greet his animated and impassioned delivery of the Fourth Canon of Induction—"Subduct from any phenomenon such part as is known by previous induction to be the effect of certain antecedents, and the residue of the phenomenon is the effect of the remaining antecedents." If the free and enlightened electors of Westminster would only study the "Method of Residues," they would get along without seeing Mr. Mill. Meanwhile, they may rest assured that he does not want to "succeed," and doesn't care twopenny (I venture on a low figure) about "failure." He will not put himself forward; he has said in plain words—only it is of no use speaking plainly in this world—that he will not assume an attitude which might do the electors an injustice—in other words, he will not assume the "traditional" attitude. I fear this is the worst crime he could commit. There is a large mass of human beings who do not so much mind receiving an injustice if you will only "notice" them. The way to make a friend of a cad is to bandy brutalities with

him. Meanwhile, some select idiots have been saying that this illustrious man, and benefactor of his country and the world, is "an atheist." Only one thing more is wanted. Mr. Dempster crushed Mr. Luke Byles ("who was in the habit of asking casual acquaintances if they had read Hobbes") by calling him "An insolvent atheist, gentlemen!" Now, if anyone will publish to the world that Mr. Mill has not a penny to bless himself with, the good work will be complete.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The dramatised version of "Eleanor's Victory" at the St. James's serves a good purpose in affording to Miss Herbert another opportunity of realising the strong-minded, sensational heroine of conventional romance. Miss Herbert is particularly well adapted to the peculiar range of character invented by Miss Braddon. She is tall, ladylike, graceful, energetic, fiery when necessary, pathetic when necessary, and always, under all circumstances, interesting. She plays the part of the much-wronged Eleanor as probably no other lady on the stage, with the exception of Miss Terry, could play it. As the unmarried daughter of old Vane, as the wife of the middle-aged Gilbert Monckton, and as the companion of the dotting old couple, Major and Mrs. Lennard, she completely realises the preconceived notion of Eleanor Vane. The piece is distinguished by all the slipshod clumsiness of construction which appears to characterise all attempts to dramatised novels. Major and Mrs. Lennard wander through the earlier acts of the piece in a manner that is utterly unaccountable, for their connection with the plot of the story is not even hinted at until the last act. Probably poor Mr. Frank Matthews was never saddled with a more unsatisfactory part than that of Major Lennard. Mr. Frank Matthews in a heavy red beard is an anomaly which is calculated in itself to throw that excellent actor entirely out of gear. Of Mrs. Frank Matthews's performance of Mrs. Lennard I cannot speak too highly. It is, from beginning to end, a most admirable elaboration of a character which in matter-of-fact letterpress must appear most insufferably stupid. Mr. Monckton's performance of Lancelot Darrell is meritorious, notwithstanding the preternatural gloom with which he invests the character. Mr. Robinson's Bourdon was as ruffianly as the character required. People have strange notions of authors and authoresses. A friend of mine saw Mr. John Oxenford, the adapter of Miss Braddon's novel, pointed out to a country cousin as Miss Braddon herself. "That Miss Braddon!" said the C. O. "Why, that is a gentleman, and Miss Braddon's a lady!" "You know nothing at all about it," said the Londoner. "That is the gentleman who writes under the name of Miss Braddon!"

On Monday Mr. F. C. Burnand and Mr. Frank Musgrave produced an opera-burlesque founded on Harrison Ainsworth's historical romance of "Windsor Castle" at the Strand. It is the first attempt that has been made at introducing *opera-bouffé* in London, and was, I am happy to say, highly successful. The dialogue, situations, and incidents are of the same kind as those of modern burlesque. There is this salient difference—that the music is original. Opera airs and nigger songs are not wedded in unnatural union; but words are written and placed in a composer's hands who composes for them as specially as if for grand opera. The musical hits of the opera-burlesque are a ballad sung by Miss Ada Swanborough, "Pretty Dickey Bird," and "The Chevalier et la Belle," a madly absurd chansonette, sung by Mr. Thomas Thorne as Anne Boleyn, of which I extract the *morale* :—

Quand gentilhomme Anglais-
Demande les pommes de terre,
Partant pour la Syrie-a,
Et vive la Leicester-square.

It is said that Mr. Fechter reopens his theatre with a new adaptation of "Trente ans de la vie d'un Joueur," and a very good drama too. But why these perpetual rechauffé of old dishes? Are there no new dramas worth reproduction? Surely the success of "Robert Macaire" and "Belphegor" did not encourage Mr. Fechter to seek more stale fields and pastures old.

At the expiration of Mr. Sothern's engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews go to the Haymarket.

"Twelfth Night" was revived at the OLYMPIC on Wednesday, with Miss Kate Terry as Viola and Sebastian—that is, playing both characters: Mr. Horace Wigan as Sir Andrew, Mr. Soutar as Sir Toby, Mr. Vincent as Malvolio, and Miss Farnen as Clown.

Literature.

The Lost Manuscript. A Novel. By GUSTAV FREYTAG, Author of "Debit and Credit." Translated by Mrs. Malcolm. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

A theorist might argue that German "novelwrights," as Carlyle calls them, mix their wares in imitation of the American plan of mixing drinks. The soft is with the hard, the new is with the old. A strong spirit is softened with milk and eggs, and fragrant herbs and coolest ice carry off the severe and deleterious strength.

What seems a fiend per chance may prove a saint, says Sordello; and to few minds may the difficulty of determining which is which prove a very serious objection. Indeed, the uncertainty itself may prove to be a greater charm than the most blissful reality. This vein of thought might be carried on without end by merely reading "The Lost Manuscript." It is described as a novel; but half a dozen students of half a dozen other branches of literature would be entitled to describe it differently, according to their own views which they find reflected. It is scientific, philosophic, historical. It has a pleasant, amusing, and instructive story. In each department it must find admirers; but, in all it may satisfy none. And yet most honestly would we rather recommend such volumes to all the readers of all the library companies (limited) than nine tenths of the trash which is daily "recommended." It does not in any way follow that abject praise is here intended. On the contrary, a well-organised mind might find itself constantly ruffled at the strange mixture of sad, mad, and bad, the real humour and the very small attempts at wit, the strange mingling of society with princes and batters in conflict, the sense and the insanity, and the fifty other incongruous elements which go to make up "The Lost Manuscript." The story of the manuscript itself is beautifully told. A German professor comes by accident upon a flyleaf of a book which tells what has become of a copy of the lost books of Tacitus. The MS. has been hidden by the monks of Rouen, for safety sake, during the Thirty Years' War; and Herr Professor Felix Werner sets out with his friend, Herr Dr. Frantz Hahn, in search of the concealed treasure. Whether the treasure be found or not the reader will not learn until the very last; but in the search the Professor gains a most charming wife, with whom, after a variety of vicissitudes, he is left contented. In German style, wife and husband teach much to each other, and finally make that only happiness, the "one harmonious whole." But, in the mean time, with them the feast of reason and the flow of soul has been of no small dimensions. Mr. Freytag thinks nothing of keeping a quarrel waiting whilst he makes his characters dilate for twenty pages on Roman Emperors, or the advantages of "making the discoveries of the learned accessible to the people," or fifty other subjects which abstruse people are fond of working up. These pages or chapters are, without doubt, the best and most serious in the book; but they are somewhat out of place, or will be considered so by the majority of novel-readers. Beside the principal love-story and "The Lost Manuscript" which is but the faintest thread whereupon to hang some rather heavy trinkets, there are other interesting passages. The quarrels of the neighbours Hammet and Hahn are rife with grotesque humour, and the character and conversation of each to better humanity are artistically worked out. The story of their son and daughter, who fell in love despite their parents' animosity, is also one of the most agreeable passages of modern German fiction. But the best and strangest part of the story—its relation to the story is quite needless—is the episode concerning the Prince and the hereditary Prince of —. There is something much like

it, as far as the culture of youth goes, in the story of the Great Frederick and the son of the Great Peter. The young Prince has been treated by his father with contempt and disdain. He has never been suffered to be a boy. And when flung into the society of the world he takes to childish amusements in a manly fashion and to sensible culture with childish delight. As student at the University of —, he gives offence and is challenged. The rule is that a champion must fight for a Prince; but the Prince, after much sorrow and debate, takes time by the forelock, evades his champion, fights his own duel, is successful, and becomes the most popular man on the face of his little world. He is, then, a man. Excellently as these passages are written—perhaps on account of that excellence—they leave on the mind an impression of disquietude. But, throughout, the scenes seem to be unlike what a world ought to be: far different from the pictures drawn by other German novelists—far different from Mr. Henry Mayhew's "Life and Manners." The burlesque romance of the German scenes in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" differ from these only in degree. They are of the same kind. And, although totally destitute of Mr. Disraeli's genius, they have a genius of their own which entitles them to the close observance of readers of general literature. Many admirers of fiction may throw down "The Lost Manuscript" as dull, and many philosophic readers might forget their philosophy and throw down the book as idle. The large class which stands between the two will appreciate it and like it.

Mrs. Malcolm, who translates Mr. Freytag, seems occasionally to misunderstand the real principle of translation. The English language is wanted, and we are bound to say, sometimes given, but not English words equivalent to the exact German words. In vol. i., p. 16, a lady, a blue stocking, is made to talk thus concerning red Indians:—"They wear tufts of feathers, and their dress is scanty, and their trousers, if one may mention them, hang down as is the case with so many pigeons, which also have long feathers to their legs. One sees them sometimes portrayed; in my Karl's picture-book of last Christmas these wild men are clearly to be seen."

A Selection from the Works of Frederick Locker. With Illustrations by Richard Doyle. Edward Moxon and Co.

This volume—well adapted for a gift-book to a sweetheart who is going away for a holiday—forms one of the series of Moxon's miniature poets, and is one of the very prettiest books of the year, both as to get up and otherwise. The worst part of it is the portrait of the author, which (Millais or no Millais) makes him look like a barber. It is true, a barber may be a man of genius—Jasmin to wit; but we do not believe this is like Mr. Locker.

The epithet "Cockney Poet" used to be applied, in a bad sense, to Leigh Hunt. It may be applied, in the best sense, to Mr. Locker. He is the best cockney poet of modern times. Those who laughed at Leigh Hunt for comparing May to a lady watering flowers at a window (or "something of that sort, you know," as Brother Sam says) would not laugh at Mr. Locker, if they could read his beautiful verses. The reason is, he has none of the *sentiment* that lends itself to ridicule.

We sometimes feel that poets of this school are not quite fair in this little matter. They prevent you laughing at them, by laughing at themselves to begin with. This is all very well; but we cannot fall in love with a man who will not take all the risks of a direct intent. Mr. Locker "divides you a hair" of manner with a fineness which is itself a charm; but we cannot stand much of it.

Several of Mr. Locker's poems are familiar to the world—they are of the kind that easily becomes familiar, sure to be quoted, and sure to be remembered. We will quote, for once more, a poem that has already been quoted widely, but so many years ago that most of our readers may have forgotten it:—

THE OLD CRADLE.

And this was your Cradle?—why, surely, my Jenny,
Such slender dimensions go somewhat to show
You were a delightfully small Pic-a-ninny
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

Your baby-days flowed in a much-troubled channel;
I see you as then in your impotent strife,
A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplexed with that newly-found fardel called Life.

To hint at an infantine frailty is scandal;
Let bygones be bygones—and somebody knows
It was bliss such a Baby to dance and to dandle,
Your cheeks were so velvet—no rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your Cradle, and Hope, a bright spirit,
With Love now is watching beside it, I know.
They guard the small nest you yourself did inherit
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

It is Hope glides the future—Love welcomes it smiling;
Thus was this old world, therefore stay not to ask—
"My future bids fair, is my future beguiling?"
If masked, still it pleases—then raise not the mask.

Is life a poor coil some would gladly be doffing?
He is riding post-haste who their wrongs will adjust;
For at most 'tis a footstep from cradle to coffin—
From a spoonful of pap to a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future is smiling, my Jenny!
Though blossoms of promise are lost in the rose,
I still see the face of my small Pic-a-ninny
Unchanged, for these cheeks are as blooming as those.

Ay, here is your Cradle! much, much to my liking,
Though nineteen or twenty long winters have sped;
But, hark! as I'm talking there's a six o'clock striking,
It is time Jenny's baby should be in its bed.

Mr. Doyle's illustrations we need say nothing about. He is always delightful; but something of the old *vis comica* is wanting in these drawings.

A Dream of Idleness, and other Poems. By W. COSMO MONKHOUSE. Edward Moxon and Co.

Reversing the love of Othello, Mr. Monkhouse, in his "Dream of Idleness," has done wisely, because not too well. As far as publication goes, at least, he has kept his ambition within fair bounds. He has hit a happy medium course. Far above the level of those who "blindly creep," he has not ventured into the "giddy heights" of those who "sightless soar." He has not aimed at the heavens in the hope of hitting tree-tops with unsuitable weapons; but what he has aimed at he has generally hit with sufficient force, and made an impression that, to drop metaphor, will gain him a large number of approving readers. In so small but important a matter as a volume of verse, this is wisdom, indeed. It may be presumed that even poets are sufficiently mortal to write with the wish of being read; and they may depend upon it that, if they employ their youth in dashing off ten thousand lines on the "Soul," or an interminable dialogue between a demon and a darling "on the spire of Strasburg Cathedral" (see various unknown volumes of verse), they may look forward to an age of disappointed vanity, snappish conceit, and second-rate suburban society. But the present volume seems made to be read. It has a few short poems of great beauty; very few at which any but the "soul" writers would care to cavil; two or three long ballad stories excellently told; and a majority of average excellence, generally hovering around the one universal subject.

The commencement of the volume suggested the remarks above. Although nobody can tell if Mr. Monkhouse has or has not a Tamerlanean epic, a *Fayrie Kynde*, or a Gondibert Junior amongst his hoarded MS. possessions, it is certain that he has slightly given way to ambition in his opening poem, "The Dream of Idleness." At its conclusion we know little more of what the lines are about than we do of more actual dreaming when we awake; and if we really be of such stuff as dreams are made of, why then we must be idleness itself, which is a serious charge. Clearly, then, either Mr. Monkhouse or Shakespeare must be in the wrong. The meaning, however, may be guessed—that not eating hot suppers, but getting up early in the morning to work hard, is a more honourable life than

Sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine;
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

There is in this more or less of the invocation to rest or labour—who can say which it may be?—of the "Lycidas." But our modern shepherd hits upon a happy combination. Whenever his fingers are not round the quill, "meditating the thankless muse," they are sure to be in the "tangles of Nera's hair." And if there be a local Amariyllis and a contiguous shade, be sure he is not far off. It is a commendable mixture of love and literature, in which Cupid runs off with the copy, and blotting-paper absorbs at once the superfluous spray of Castalie and of tears. The ballad of "Lady May" is a sweet story of a lady betrothed, from her cradle, to a knight whom she has never seen, tempting that knight in disguise of a forsaken lady's maid. She conquers him, but he cannot conquer himself. He is true to his knightly vow; and, when he is victor over all in the tourney, he receives his wreath and happiness from—The book explains. Strong and musical are the "Waiting" and others which will be remembered in the early and good pages of *Temple Bar*; but some random specimen must be given—something new, and not too long, and in completeness, "Friendship" comes to hand naturally.

FRIENDSHIP.

I feel the more, the more I know,
That friendship is a thing apart,
A mute assurance of the heart,
A faith that little cares for show.

A sympathy of soul and soul,
Which feel themselves, in spite of
And all the petty castles of earth,
Two parts of one eternal whole.

That asks no change, if undecieved,
And shuns to court the vulgar eye,
Contented in obscurity,
If it believes and be believed.

A lamp that needs but little oil,
But is with its own burning fed;
A virgin stream that will not wed
Nor mix itself with earthly soil.

A beauty, that no tongue can tell,
That underlies our common dust,
As, bright beneath the rough-
ribbed crust,
Glistens the glory of the shell.

Felt in the pressure of a hand,
Though face and voice be stern the
while;

Some of Mr. Monkhouse's expressions are very happy. Thus, he describes a girl as

A pleasant lesson, learnt by heart—
Thou canst not turn thy head,
Before the movement is interpreted
With all the pleasure of a practised art.

We are not made to love death;—

Nor fear him; though he storm with shot and shell;
He taketh but our earthworks when we die;
Man, looking from the strong son's citadel,
Can laugh to scorn his baffled battery.

But, in the midst of some sensible reasoning, and that of a more serious nature than the general contents of the volume, it is strange to come upon the following:—

I hold, tho' tempted oft to unbelief,
That there is nothing rash or undesign'd,
That method rules the rushing of the wind,
And purpose guides the idly-trundled leaf:
That whatsoever may hap to me or mine,
Whether that we should laugh or we should weep,
Is only order'd, and prejudged to keep
The harmony of one profound design.

This doctrine of fatalism, predestination, as everybody knows, is alone quite sufficient to destroy anybody's belief in anything or everything which we instinctively reverence—unless we all had £6000 a year, the amount which a lively divine said would make anybody resigned to the will of Providence. Perhaps Mr. Monkhouse has been too keen a student of the self-satisfied lunatic in Mr. Browning's "Madhouse Cell."

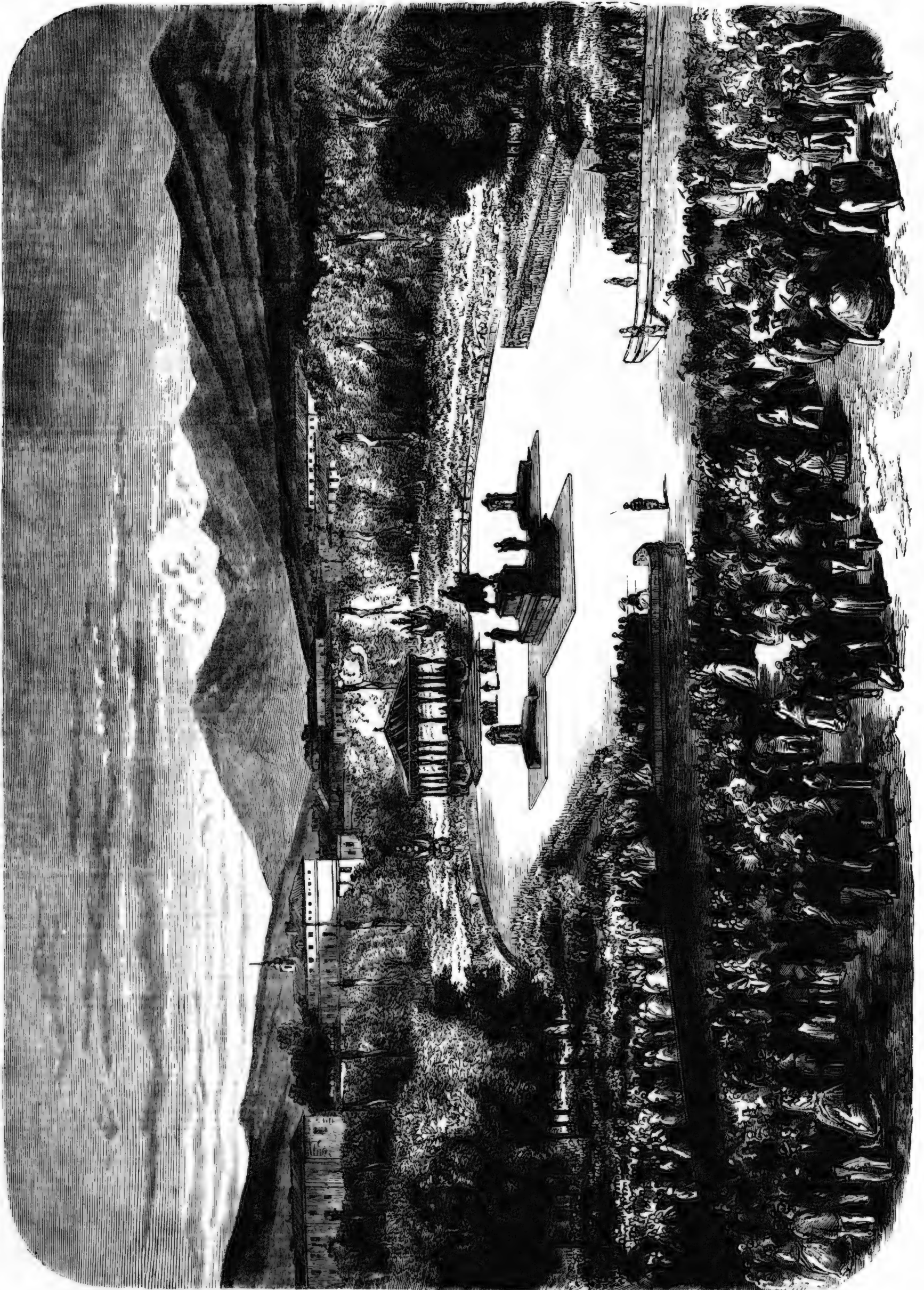
We turn to and from the volume with pleasure. There is pleasure in making an acquaintance—satisfaction in finding it ripen into friendship.

Shooting Simplified: a Concise Treatise on Guns and Shooting. Second Edition. By JAMES DALZIEL DOUGALL, Author of "Scottish Field Sports," &c. Hardwicke.

Mr. Dougall has, in a second edition, re-written and enlarged his "Shooting Simplified." We have tasted, or tasted, the new edition here and there, and can testify to its merits as a safe guide. Mr. Dougall says he may even be called a "professional" sportsman, and whilst he is likely to know as much about the field as many men, he is certain to know infinitely more about gunnery than most. "Shooting Simplified" has long been out of print, and in its present form it would have appeared much earlier had not the author waited for some definite conclusion about breech-loaders. That subject is anything but settled, but it "has reached a stage at which it will remain for an indefinite period." But in a long chapter the subject is thoroughly handled, and the palm at present awarded to the "lock-fast." However, with breech-loading rifles Mr. Dougall confesses to little or no difference from the views of Lieutenant Forsyth in "Sporting Rifles and Projectiles." The new edition may be recommended. It exhausts the subject, and is confined to it. All rhapsodies about fine weather and beautiful scenery are left for dandy writers and unscientific readers.

THE PENSION FOR MRS. COBDEN.—It has been understood for some time past that the Government were disposed to grant a pension to Mrs. Cobden as a recognition in connection with the negotiation of the Commercial Treaty with France. We are enabled to state that the offer has been made in a letter from Lord Palmerston, and that the amount of the proposed pension was £1500 per annum during the life of Mrs. Cobden. We may further state that Mrs. Cobden has declined the offered pension, at the same time expressing her grateful sense of the kindness manifested towards her by the Crown and the Administration. The public will be glad to know that the family of the lamented statesman are left in circumstances that make any provision on the part of the Government unnecessary.—*Star*.

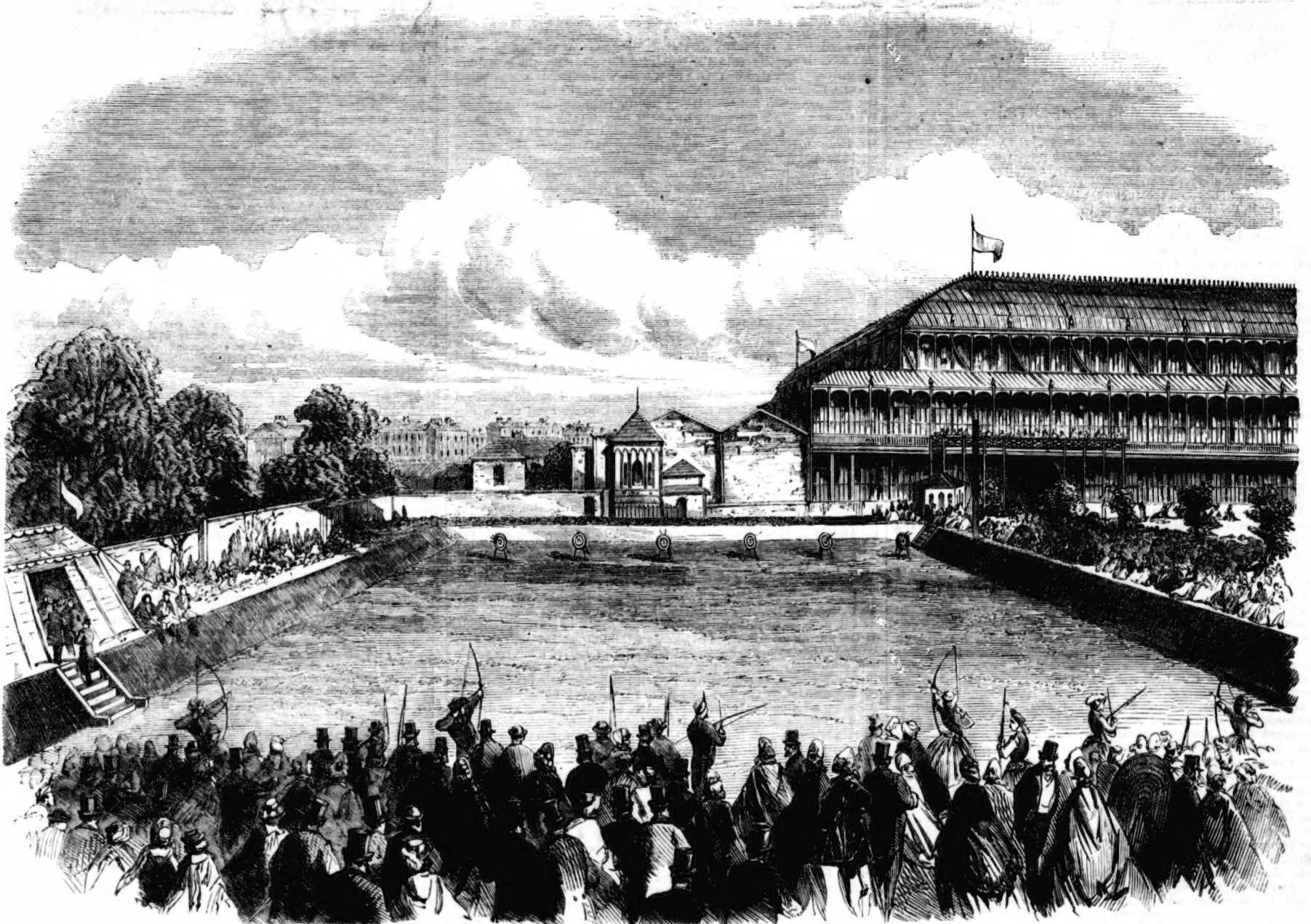
A GOOD STORY OF SERVANTS' PERCENTAGES.—There is a very good story circulating now. It is this:—The steward of the Duke of — had given his Grace notice that he was about to quit his service. He was an old, faithful, and trusted servant; and the Duke, regretting his determination, requested him, almost as a favour, to escort the Duchess and family from London to the country seat, stating that he should feel more satisfied, as he himself was detained in town, if he knew the "old, trusted, and faithful" servant superintended the removal of his household. The "old, trusted, and faithful" expressed his great pride to find such confidence placed in him, but ventured to remind his Grace that, should he leave London to-morrow (the last day of his service), his Grace's affairs would suffer, as it was on the day on which the quarterly bills were invariably paid; and, as he had been in the habit for many years of checking and discharging them, it would be better to postpone the journey to the country for one or two days. His Grace did not see it—gave the "old, tried, and faithful" his final instructions, stating the payments might as well stand over as the journey. The "old, tried, and faithful" departed on his unwelcome errand. The following morning his Grace collected his tradesmen's bills, and, for the novelty of the thing, determined to go round and discharge the accounts himself. He called on tradesman No. 1—announced the object of his visit, was very cordially received, and congratulated (to his no small astonishment) on the excellent situation he had got in his own service as successor to the "old, tried, and faithful." A receipt was given him for his master, the Duke, and a £10 note for himself, as being the supposed fortunate successor of the "old, tried, and faithful." His Grace was astonished, but preserved his incognito, and continued his rounds, calling on tradesman No. 2, 3—up, indeed, to No. 8. When he returned home he found himself with £80 in his pocket, and at once divined how the "old, tried, and faithful" could retire with a handsome competency, and why that worthy and invaluable servant would have preferred remaining to "check and settle" the tradesmen's quarterly accounts himself.



INAUGURATION OF THE BONAPARTE MONUMENT AT AJACCIO, CORSICA, BY PRINCE NAPOLEON.



GLADIATEUR, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1865.



FIRE OF THE IRISH NATIONAL ARCHERY CLUB AT DUBLIN.—SEE PAGE 355

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

THE French are rapidly becoming formidable rivals to English sportsmen on the turf. Until within a few years the French were anything but a horse nation. Previously to the regime of the present Emperor they not only took no interest in the turf, but they did not know a good horse nor care to acquire a taste for horsemanship, except it was to eat the slaughtered animal. A Frenchman's idea of a *beau cheval* was a cream-colour or pearly nag with a tail reaching to its heels; and when bestirring such a quadruped along the avenues of the Champs Elysées or in the Bois de Boulogne, Monsieur looked about as much master of the situation as an Englishman on the hump of a camel when making a first tour through the Desert. But Napoleon III. has changed all that. He has shown his people what good horses really are, and has in his own stud some of the finest of all descriptions. His Majesty has also done a great deal to create a love of racing among his countrymen, and seems at last to have succeeded. He established periodic races close to Paris some years ago; but still the Parisians did not take kindly to the thing. They attended in great numbers—Frenchmen and Frenchwomen always congregated in crowds when an opportunity is afforded them—but they went to look at one another, eat ices, and drink *eau sucrée*. Only two years ago, at their own Derby, thousands of them were amusing themselves at luncheon and in other ways when the horses were approaching the winning-post, and they never turned to look at the struggle. A review is a Parisian's chief enjoyment, next, of course, to a dance. A horse-race they put in the same category with boating and cricket. In their eyes all three were only fit for the stupid English. But when Fille de l'Air won the Oaks last year their natural vanity was tickled, and something more; and now in this year wrestling from all competitors what it is the fashion to call "the blue ribbon of the turf," Frenchmen may be regarded as having established racing as a national institution. Gladiateur, the horse which has accomplished the great feat of beating the best English horses both for the Two Thousand Guinea stake, at Newmarket, and in the great contest on Epsom Downs, will henceforth, of course, be one of the national heroes of La Belle France. And justly so. Has he not twice defeated the English, and thereby avenged at least Poitiers and Waterloo? Should he now win the Ascot Cup, which he is likely enough to do, both the Nile and Trafalgar would be wiped out of history. Well, we have no objection; it will be a very cheap and pleasant way of getting rid of the memory of old quarrels. Mr. Weatherby, a high authority, gives the following as Gladiateur's exact pedigree:—"Gladiateur is by Monarque out of Miss Gladiateur; Miss Gladiateur was foaled in France, and got by Gladiateur out of Taffrail by Sheet Anchor; Monarque was foaled in France, got by the Baron, Sting, or the Emperor; his dam, Poetess, foaled in France, by Royal Oak (son of Catton) out of Ada by Whisker, out of Anna Bella by Shuttle, her dam by Drone out of Contessina. Gladiateur, Taffrail, the Baron, Sting, the Emperor, Royal Oak, and Ada were all exported to France from this country."

It will be within the experience of every one who has been in the habit of beholding the Derby runners that he has ordinarily seen some thirty delicate-looking colts or fillies, with little bodies and small legs, bright coats, nervous eyes, and a general appearance so frail as to convey the idea that if any one with the ordinary weight and proportions of a man mounted them they must fall to the earth. They are wonderful for three-year olds; and, like greyhounds, look all speed, but no strength. There are always two or three exceptions to this type. General Peel, for instance, would have been pronounced a noble horse in every sense of the word; but he would have failed in comparison with the French horse. Gladiateur is a tall bay, with beautifully symmetrical body, a splendid neck, gracefully arched, and as fine an eye as ever was set in the head of a thoroughbred. His legs are long—the English turfmen had declared they were too long for the undulating course of Epsom—but clean to a nicety, and with muscles as tight as catgut. He paced round the paddock preceded by Le Mandarin, another of Count Lagrange's horses; and if ever victory was in the stride and eye of a horse, it was in his. He neither sweated nor fumed, though some of his sensitive competitors were in a lather within five minutes after the saddle had been placed on their backs. Only once did he show any temper, though the crowd pressed upon him from the moment he made his appearance. When they inclosed him so that he could not stir he kicked out two or three times and cleared a passage. It is said that Count Lagrange, the owner of Gladiateur, has cleared about £60,000 by his horse's victory in the Derby.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE great operatic event of the week has been the first performance in England of Cherubini's "Medea," with Mlle. Titiens—by far the greatest tragic singer now on the stage (perhaps, even, the only one)—in the part of the heroine. Few living Englishmen knew anything about Cherubini until Tuesday night, when "Medea" was produced, beyond the fact that he was a composer, and that his portrait, painted by Ingres, is to be seen in the gallery of the Luxembourg, at Paris. The picture has done Cherubini more harm than good. Executed in a severely academical style, it impresses the beholder with the notion that Cherubini's manner as a composer may have been as cold and formal as that of M. Ingres himself. A muse, to be sure, is introduced at the back of the picture in order to give a look of inspiration to the affair; and, as the young woman holds a lyre in her hand, we understand that she represents music. But the hard, dry, conventional-looking composer and the highly theatrical and somewhat commonplace muse who looks over his shoulder do not accord in the least. In short, the idea conveyed by Ingres's portrait of Cherubini is that Cherubini was generally a very dry composer, who sometimes indulged in violent bursts of theatrical passion. Ingres, in spite of his marvellous execution, was a bad portrait-painter, for he could not read and reproduce the character of his sitters; or, perhaps, he had never heard "Medea," or, having heard it, did not appreciate it. This last supposition, however, is scarcely probable, inasmuch as Ingres was always a devoted student of music, and was, at one time, a most skilful performer on the violin. In short, Cherubini is better than his well-known portrait, which is not a masterpiece, whereas "Medea" is certainly nothing less.

For the present, we must confine ourselves to a few remarks on the plot of this admirable work. "Medea" (or "Médée") was the seventeenth of thirty-two dramatic works composed by Cherubini, and the fifth which he wrote expressly for Paris. The author of the libretto was Hoffmann, to whom Nicolo was indebted for the book of *Joconde*, and whose charming little one-act comedy, "Le Roman d'Une Heure," still keeps the stage at the Théâtre Française, or at least at its chapel of ease, the Odéon. The framework of Cherubini's and Hoffmann's "Medea" is taken from Euripides' tragedy. In the Greek play, Jason abandons Medea for Glauca, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. The sorceress, infuriated at being thus deserted by one who has possessed her love, and through her enchantments has been enabled to win the Golden Fleece and achieve such wonderful deeds, is banished from Corinth by command of the King. Feigning acquiescence, she ultimately extorts permission from Creon to remain at Corinth for a single day; and, promised by Ægeus a secure asylum at Athens, she employs the day of grace in contriving a plan by which she may revenge herself on Creon, Jason, and Glauca. Deceived by her pretended submission, a wreath and robe, which by her art are impregnated with deadly poison, are accepted by Creon as presents from Medea to the new bride of Jason, who, wearing them, perishes in horrible torture, her fate being shared by the King her father, who has embraced her in the moment of agony. Medea's next step is the murder of her two young children, which, after a fierce struggle between her affection for them and her hatred of Jason, she successfully carries out. Jason covering her with reproaches, and vainly asking to be allowed to see the bodies, she taunts him in return with his own misdeeds, and finally escapes in a chariot drawn through the air by winged dragons. There is no very great difference in the materials that form the basis of Hoffmann's drama and the substance of the Greek tragedy. Certain incidents are superadded in order

to afford reasonable opportunities for the composer, and these may speak for themselves. Ægeus, one of the speaking characters in Euripides, is not even alluded to in the French libretto; while Glauca (called Creusa by the Italian poets, after Seneca's Latin *Medea*) is rechristened Dirce, and becomes one of the principal singing personages. There are other slight dissimilarities, but none especially worth pointing out. We postpone an account of the music; but, in the mean time, must chronicle the fact of its legitimate and complete success.

Mlle. Mariot De Beauvoisin, one of the most graceful pianists of the day, gave a morning concert at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday. The programme comprised Mozart's concerto in D minor, Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Liszt's fantasia on the "Prophète," Thalberg's "Straniera," and M. Benedict's "Erin." Mlle. De Beauvoisin, who is equally mistress of the classical and the bravura styles, was much and deservedly applauded at the end of each of her pieces. She especially distinguished herself in the sonata and in the Irish fantasia.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES.

THIS season the Hanover street Gallery has been enriched by the addition of several works by Mr. Holman Hunt. It is to be wished that Mr. R. Martineau, whose "Last Day in the Old Home" has raised such general hope and expectation, had done something to answer them. Mr. Martineau, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Madox Brown, Mr. Sandys, and some others, belong to a school to which British art is indebted for a great deal. They, for the most part, eschew the crudities and exaggerations of the Pre-Raphaelites, to whom, be it observed, much of the improvement in English art is due; and they preach a doctrine which the old masters preached and which cannot be too diligently practised—viz., that as necessary as the power of drawing and painting, the mere mechanism of the art, are thought and imagination, its glorifiers. Indeed, we can pardon the failing of a hand that cannot work out the teeming fancies of the brain more readily than the purposeless facility of the conventional coverers of canvas. It is, therefore, we repeat, a pity that Mr. Martineau does not perform more of the duty in the little chapel of art in Hanover-street.

We need not refer again to the delicious colouring and the masterly skill displayed in that truly gorgeous Oriental picture "The Afterglow in Egypt." Nor need we repeat the praise we have already bestowed on that exquisite blending of the poetic with the actual, which makes "London Bridge on the Night of the Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales" almost the only work, whether of pen or pencil, that did justice to so rich a theme for painter and poet. The mixture of the imaginative in treatment with the actual in subject is exactly the thing for the want of which so much high-flown writing is just verse—and no more!

One of the additions to the Gallery is "The Light of the World." The public is familiar with this picture; but, we fear, chiefly owes that familiarity to engravings and photographs—the latter not unselfishly being illicit. We take this opportunity of asking those who purchase these dishonest copies how they can reconcile it to their consciences to receive such stolen goods? Would they make the same excuse as they now do for purchasing a little burglariously-obtained plate cheap—viz., that they cannot afford to give the real value for it? Those who cannot afford to become honestly possessed of a picture had better do without it. The most enthusiastic apostle of art would hardly preach an extension of the love for it at the expense of public morality. In the case of "The Light of the World" the engravings and photographs do scant justice. They show all its faults and few of its beauties. Despite its undoubted merit, chiefly that of colouring, which it possesses in common with all Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures, we like this least of any works of his that we have seen. Its imagery tends rather to degrade the sacred and mystical to the everyday and common-place than to soar towards its elevated subject, though it were only on Dædalian wings. Its symbolism is more suited for a missal margin than for a work of such pretension, and, we may add, of such achievement.

"The Awakened Conscience" is a picture which has given rise to much criticism for and against. In our opinion, it is hardly to be surpassed from any point of view. In choice of subject it ranks with what is usually called a "painful" picture by the late John Leech, that appeared in *Punch* at a time when attention was being drawn—not before it was necessary—to the great evil of which the two pictures speak not too plainly for the requirements of the case. Whatever question there may be about the suitability of a comic paper for such a moral as Leech pointed, there can be none about Mr. Holman Hunt's strong and earnest protest against a wrong the world cannot ignore. The artist has spared neither time nor thought on this picture. It is as elaborately finished as it is carefully conceived. How telling is the figure of the unhappy girl clad in the white wrapper—a mere mockery of the robe of purity—girdled with the rich scarf and bedizened with the rings and gewgaws, in whose gorgeousness and in whose gleaming there is nothing to make up for the lost, priceless jewel! The story told in the careless insolence of the man—in his indolent disregard of the minor courtesies every woman has a right to expect—is terribly truthful. Who but such a man, under such circumstances, would choose that song, with its touching lines:—

Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me?

The very wall-paper is suggestive, with its figure seated by the waters of Babylon—"For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody in our heaviness: Sing to us one of the songs of Sion."

"Is it despair that is foreshadowed in the scroll of music inscribed 'Idle Tears'?" We hope not, for the cruel, green-eyed cat is disappointed of her prey.

As for excellence of painting, we have only to call attention to the mirror with its reflection of the window and garden beyond—a mere miracle of clever realisation—or to the lights refracted and reflected, or the marvellous textural rendering.

"Claudio and Isabella," from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," is a noble reading of a fine passage. It illustrates the meeting of the brother and sister after the latter has been tempted by Angelo to save Claudio's life at the price of her honour. The artist appends this quotation to his picture:—

Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.
Isabella. And shamed life a hateful.

The moment is well chosen, and Mr. Holman Hunt has thrown into his figures a spirit and life worthy of the author he has selected; and we can give no higher praise. The nervously ungraceful position of the unnamed Claudio awkwardly fumbling at his fetters, with fear and shame conflicting in his face, is fine indeed; but no words can adequately describe the expression of Isabella's countenance. She doubts—for her brother, not herself: she mistrusts his affection, not her own integrity; and the pain in her face is infinitely touching. A happy allusion to the prime of youth, in which Claudio so dreads to be cut off, is to be seen in the profuse apple-blossom—herald of what piteous fruit!—discernible from the prison-window. The lute suspended in that window bespeaks the man. A lymphatic, romantic lad,

Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonniel's window-panes,

he has no appreciation of the noble virtues of his loving sister, who could face death for him—not dishonour.

"The Children's Holiday" is professedly a "portrait-picture." As a picture we admire it, but object to the portrait element, which should be its strong point. The heads lack, if not roundness, at all events life, and have a fixity and want of aim quite incomprehensible in such an artist. Mamma has taken her five little ones out into the park, and is preparing tea for them in the shade of the trees. The eldest boy, who has been gathering cherries and horse-chestnuts, stands by his mother caressing a dog. His sister is nursing baby, who selects one bloom from a lapful of wallflowers

for her to smell. Beyond, a younger boy and girl are trying to tempt a hind and fawn, just ready to start off and scamper away, with some rosy-cheeked apples.

The careful fidelity with which the table, arranged with the delicacies best suited for the children's feast, is painted leaves little or nothing to be desired. All the accessories—when does Mr. Holman Hunt fail to paint them?—are wonderfully brought before us with infinite reality. The silver urn, with its distorted reflections, the massive cups, the lady's dress and rich scarf are worked out with vivid truth and a thorough mastery of the technicalities. The textural rendering of the dress and shawl is a study. The light is painted as Mr. Holman Hunt can paint it, and few artists can place light upon canvas so happily.

Some passages in the picture are charming. The boy's straw hat filled with cherries and

The thorny balls, each three in one,
The chestnuts throw on our path in showers—

is a delicious bit of colour and contrast; and so is the little girl's basket laden with hips. The dog, too, is cleverly painted; and the bright, sunny glade in the distance is most pleasing. Yet, when we return to the faces, there is a something not satisfactory—a waxen look about the complexions, and too much of the standing-for-a-likeness expression. The result is that, in spite of much that is beautiful in it, we cannot help wishing the picture unpainted. It will afford an opportunity for Mr. Holman Hunt's detractors, and may shake the confidence of some of his admirers. We ourselves detect in it not so much a failure to achieve an effect as one of those waywardnesses of genius, which delights at times to puzzle, to bewilder—even to disappoint—us. No one who turns to the magnificent "Afterglow in Egypt," the finely-conceived "London Bridge," the exquisite "Isabella and Claudio," or the nobly-imagined "Awakened Conscience," can for one moment doubt the powers of Mr. Holman Hunt, not only as one of the greatest colourists of the day, but as an earnest and thoughtful painter, of whom the nation and the age may well be proud, and from whom we may expect many more masterpieces to delight and astonish the world.

DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A MOST frightful accident took place on Wednesday at Rednal, a station on the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway. A large excursion train, consisting of thirty-two carriages and drawn by two powerful engines, was proceeding from Liverpool to Birmingham; the rails had been newly relaid, and a portion of them, we understand, had not been ballasted, and on approaching that portion of the line the carriages began to oscillate fearfully. The train was proceeding at great speed, and the drivers, seeing the danger, attempted to draw up, but were unable to do so, and both engines dashed off the line, proceeding in opposite directions. The scene that ensued baffles all description. From 800 to 900 persons were in the train, and the shrieks, cries, and groans of the poor creatures were most heart-rending. The engines and a great portion of the carriages were smashed to atoms. One of the stokers was killed, and one of the drivers was seriously injured. When the mangled bodies of the passengers were got out, it was found that seven men and women and two children were killed, and about fifty persons, including men, women, and children, were more or less injured, the greater portion of them very severely.

The bodies of the dead, who, in most cases, were frightfully disfigured, were removed to the goods' shed, while those who were injured were sent on to Shrewsbury. The news in the meanwhile had flown like wildfire through the town, and when the train bearing the wounded passengers arrived at the station many thousands of persons had congregated there and in the vicinity. A large number of stretchers were put in requisition, and the great bulk of sufferers at once carried to the Salop Infirmary; but it was found that accommodation could not be had for the whole, and several were taken to hotels and private houses. Most of the medical men in the town at once went to the infirmary and offered their services, and the regular staff of the infirmary were engaged during the whole of the night in dressing the wounds and otherwise alleviating the agonies of the sufferers. One person died almost immediately after being taken to the infirmary, and several are in a most precarious, indeed, almost hopeless, condition.

FORGERY ON THE BANK OF IRELAND.—A few days ago a cheque for £8000, bearing the name of Sir Robert Peel, was received from a London bank by the officials at the Bank of Ireland. The cheque was at once fortunately discovered to be a forgery. On inquiries being made it appeared that a person supposed to be one who had been employed as a clerk in the Bank of Ireland got an introduction to a London bank and presented the cheque above mentioned. It was forwarded to Dublin in the usual course of advice, and the fraud sought to be effected was discovered. The presenter of the cheque, consulting his experience, suspected that his plans had been frustrated, and very wisely absconded. He has not been since heard of.

HOW TO BATTLE WITH PESTILENCE.—It is not unlikely that we shall have a hot summer, and with a high temperature there is usually a marked elevation of the death-scale. It will be some satisfaction to us during the hot weather to know that we have nearly finished the work of purifying our noble river, and that we are free from the horrible stenches that, in summers past, compelled steam-boat travellers to hold their noses as they passed well-known unsavoury places on the river's banks. Mr. Thwaites exults over the fact that a Jack has recently been caught in the Thames, and other gentlemen interested in the science of pisciculture are indulging sanguine expectations of large shoals of whitebait this summer at Blackwall. We hope the guardians of our health will have their reward. We shall be delighted with this evidence of their success, and shall not envy them the enjoyment they will have earned. Let the Russian plague come, if it be so decreed; we know how to defeat its malignity. The City, too, offers fewer nesting-places for it than has existed twenty-five years ago. The railways have helped us materially in razing some of the oldest and filthiest haunts of fever and pestilence within our boundaries. The poor have been turned out, it is true; and many, perhaps, have found some difficulty in providing themselves with fresh homes; but we believe that a better chance of life is given to them in the roomier and wholesomer houses to which they have fled than was possible in the dark and nasty rookeries in the civic liberties, where life was a protracted disease and death came as a blessing. So certain is it that free ventilation and cleanliness are the best antidotes against the poison of epidemics, that in no city could an epidemic exist a week where these conditions were observed. It is on record that, when the cholera prevailed in the metropolis on the last occasion, not a case happened in a model dwelling. Here are comfort and encouragement for our sanitary reformers. Let our executive officers be vigilant in their duty, and we have no fear that they will be able to give a good account of this Russian typhus, should it unhappily invade our shores.—*City Press.*

A SPANISH BANDIT.—The Madrid journals state that Queen Isabella has just granted a full pardon to a notorious bandit, named Mil-Reales, who had been condemned, for numerous murders and robberies, to no less than 159 years' hard labour in the convict establishment at Ceuta. No explanation is given as to the motives for the exercise of the Royal clemency, but the fact is certain that Mil-Reales has returned to his native village, Villarejo de Fuentes, in the province of Toledo, the scene of his former exploits. The history of the atrocities committed by this bandit would, the Madrid journals state, fill a volume. He was the chief of a band of robbers in the mountains of Toledo, and lived many years on plunder, often murdering the persons whom he despoiled. He was to such an extent the terror of the country that, though his crimes were known to all the local officials, none of them dared arrest him. The Governor of the province having at last determined to establish a station of gendarmerie at Villarejo de Fuentes, Mil-Reales withdrew to the mountains, and lived there in a kind of log house, which he and his band had erected. One day about twenty inhabitants of Villarejo went out for a day's shooting in the woods of the Marquis de la Colonia; but in the midst of their sport they were surrounded by the band of Mil-Reales, disarmed, bound, and taken prisoners to his house, where all, with the exception of six, were murdered. Those who were spared paid heavy ransoms and swore never to divulge what had passed. Some time afterwards Mil-Reales captured a young school-master, who was going to give a lesson at Villar de Canas. The young man's father, having been apprised of his son's misfortune, sought out Mil-Reales, and, having found him, said, "Kill me, but spare my son!" Mil-Reales ordered him to kneel down and was about to shoot him, when the son rushed forward and prevented the murder. It was subsequently arranged that the old man should pay a high ransom for his son. With great difficulty he raised the sum required and carried it to the bandit, when he was brutally told that his son had been shot some two hours before; and the unhappy man returned home without either his son or the money intended for his ransom. Many other similar crimes were committed by the man whom Queen Isabella has thought fit to pardon.

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4-inch finest African ivory handles ..	33 0	25 0	11 0
24-inch silver handles	40 0	33 0	11 0
24-inch finest silver handles ..	50 0	43 0	17 6
Nickel electro-silver handles, any pattern ..	35 0	19 0	7 6
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Meeting of the Shareholders of the Company was held June 1,
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Extract from the Report.
Premiums on the new life and guarantee policies
issued during the year 1862 amounted to .. £23,149 16 6
Premiums on life insurance from June last to .. £3,359 17 11
The gross amount actually received in premiums
during the year was .. 109,051 12 7
The life and guarantee claims paid during the year
1862 .. 86,717 4 10
Increase in the assets of the society .. £2,923 15 10
The Union of this Society and the British Nation Life
Assurance Association.
Subscribed capital is raised to upwards of .. 700,000 0 0
Annual income to upwards of .. 300,000 0 0
The premium income from new business during the
last two months, at the rate of more than per year .. £60,000 0 0
Forms of proposal and prospectus may be obtained from the Head
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BANKERS TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT OF
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The bath department of Deane and Co's warehouse contains
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Patent gas baths, simple, efficient, and economical. Bath-rooms
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